THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 27. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Controversy on the Subject Between the Chicago "Tribune" and the Editor of "The Citizen."

Discussion as to What the New Movement is Inaugurated For—Chance of Foreign Intervention on Behalf of Ireland.

PART II.

(From Chicago Tribune, June 24.)

CHICAGO, June 21.—[*Editor of The Tribune.*]—In today's observations on my letter of the 18th inst., in regard to the Anglo-Irish question you say: "Mr. Finerty, who has been laboring for Irish independence ever since he became an American citizen," etc. Why not "before and since he became an American citizen?" The fact of citizenship does not necessitate a Chinese wall around my sympathies. The boundries of the United States are broad, indeed, but those of liberty and humanity are broader still. If other peoples or nations had wrapped themselves up in a mantle of national selfishness and refused to be moved by the appeals of Franklin and his colleagues Lafayette would have remained in France, Von Steuben in Germany, Kosciusko in Poland, Thomas Paine in England, and Stephen Moylan in Ireland. These brave men did not limit their sympathies to the boundaries of their respective countries. In fact, one of them wrote, "The world is my country: to do good my religion." And again, although himself an Englishman, "Europe and not England is the parent country of America." My humble sympathies have never been narrowed to Ireland alone. In my very boyhood I was an abolitionist, and have ever sympathized with the cause of human liberty everywhere. In this connection I may be permitted to observe that if ever this couutry meets with disaster it will not be the fault of citizens of my way of thinking. I respect American institutions; I am proud of the great republic; but I would be ashamed to worship freedom here and turn my back on it in Ireland or any other oppressed country.

Certain points in your observations may be passed over with the comment that all this talk about money being stolen, or wasted, for Irish purposes in America is somewhat ancient history. As I never have been treasurer, trustee, guardian, or custodian of any Irish fund whatever, I cannot speak or write "from the book," but I have reason to believe that there were collected for Fenian purposes of all kinds and for all branches of the organization between 1861 and 1870 about $2,000,000—a very large portion of which went into the coffers of Uncle Sam when Andrew Johnson's government sold thousands of stands of arms and mountains of ammunition out of United States arsenals to the Fenian executive when the attempt to capture Canada was made in 1866. Of course, the government only used the Fenian movement as a club to frighten England into paying the Alabama claims. Johnson, as soon as overt acts were committed, interfered at once and there was an end of the invasion. But the Geneva award followed, and America is $15,000,000 better off, perhaps, than if the Fenians had not "demonstrated" on the northern frontier. As a matter of fact, to return to the Irish part of the subject, the amount subscribed for Fenian purposes was small when compared with the enormous tribute sent by Irish men and women every year from this country to pay the rents for their people residing in Ireland. Those rents are spent not in Ireland, but in the gay capitals of Europe, where the Anglo-Irish landlords mostly reside.

I must admit teat your observation in regard to Irishmen in this country voting the Democratic free trade ticket, and thus helping England, is just. I have myself frequently denounced them in my paper and from the platform for pursuing this inconsistent and, in fact, suicidal course. Your estimate of 95 per cent who do so is, I think, too high. It might have been true a dozen years ago, but since Blaine's advent as a presidential candidate I believe fully one-third of the Irish in this country, on the national issue, vote for the Republican party and protection. It is somewhat extraordinary that the Irish-Americans who led the revolt against Cleveland have suffered more abuse from a certain section of the Republican press than the Democratic Irish "bosses" who faced their countrymen in the other direction. Even Mr. Patrick Egan, when he was manfully doing his duty as an American Minister in Chile, did not escape this peculiar penalty.

A diminishing population is an infallible sign of national decay. Irish emigration may be described as a social hemorrhage. Death is certain if the bleeding is not stopped. All the English Whig land bill nostrums up to date have failed to produce this effect. The evictor is still abroad in Ireland, and John Morley lends his police and soldiers to the despoilers as freely as ever did "Buckshot" Forster or "Bloody" Balfour. As regards the shooting of landlords and their agents, I am no believer in assassination, but I can understand how a man may be maddened into murder on the impulse of the moment, when he sees, by the operation of unjust laws and overwhelming force, his home and family destroyed. But murders of that class, or any class, ever bring greater sorrow and never redress. No cause, however desperate, could survive the adoption of a policy of assassination. It is the system, not the individual, that should be attacked. *The Tribune* has always sympathized heartily with the Irish tenants, and I remember an article published some years ago in which it taunted the Scotch Crofters with not being as spirited as the Irish in bringing their oppressive landlords to time.

It may be that the general condition of the comparatively few people left in Ireland is somewhat improved, but there must be something radically wrong in a system of government that impels all, or nearly all, the young, bold, and enterprising to leave their native land in swarms. Travelers who return from Ireland say that the population is mainly made up of the very old and the very young.

Prosperity is a good thing of itself, but it is dearly purchased at the cost of national honor and distinctiveness. I don't think the Irish are so miraculously prosperous as to make them in love with a foreign yoke. If they are they must have changed very much for the worse, morally, since I was a resident of Ireland.

It is hardly necessary to say a word about Irish military intrepidity. I think it will not be denied that, as soldiers, they are at least equal to any other race of men. But they cannot perform the impossible. The great opportunity was lost when Grattan and Charlemont, in 1782, failed to let loose the Protestant volunteer army of 80,000 well armed and well disciplined men on the English garrison in Dublin. No such opportunity has since arisen. The insurrection of 1798 was but a partial one, confined to about six out of thirty-two Irish counties—namely: Antrim, Down, Wexford, Wicklow, Kildare, and Carlow. It was gallantly fought out by the Presbyterians of the north and the Catholics of the south against the enormous forces of King George III. O'Connell, in 1843, had mighty numbers, but no arms or discipline. He might have achieved separation, as Brown Bess was then the arm of England, but he was neither a soldier nor a revolutionist. If Ireland, like Cuba, were to rise in arms now unaided by a first-class power she would be ground to atoms within a month. England is right beside her—her guns, in fact, are trained on her. Military roads, constructed since the rebellion of the last century, have opened up the country; and besides, no Irishman, except he is a policeman or a militiaman, or something in the government service or with government sympathies, is permitted to have or carry a gun of any kind. Men cannot fight an army with naked hands. Cuba, on the contrary, is distant from Spain. Her people are mostly armed in some way. Her mountains and forests, still unbroken in many parts of the island, afford vantage ground for attack or defense—there is no comparison between the situations. I conclude by saying, with the poet,

"Whoever fights,
May freedom win."

JOHN F. FINERTY.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE ABOVE.

Mr. Finerty is as discursive as he is patriotic, and has wandered farther away from the question in issue than *The Tribune* is inclined to follow him. The past glories in Ireland, its achievements in literature and the arts "ere the emerald gem of the Western World was set in the crown of the stranger" cut no figure here. Neither does the fact that seventy-four years ago tariff laws protecting Irish manufactures were repealed. Nor the fact that in 1782 the independence of the Irish parliament was restored and that nineteen years later the votes of a majority in that parliament were bought for the act of union.

Nor have the Alabama claims anything to do with the contention of *The Tribune*. In that connection it may be stated that the Fenian demonstration of 1866 had no more to do with the settlement of those claims than with the settlement of the seal question. On the contrary, if the United States had remained passive and had allowed the territory of a friendly power to be invaded by bands of soldiers raised and equipped in this country and most of them American citizens England would have had counter claims which would have far exceeded in amount the Alabama ones. And they would have been just ones according to all rules of international law. A "demonstration" against Canada to coerce the English government was not in the mind of the United States authorities. They knew both its illegality and its uselessness. If the United States had wanted a war with Great Britain it would have invaded Canada with its own troops and conquered it. There were soldiers enough and to spare without calling on the Fenian auxiliaries to do the work. Half a million trained, disciplined men could have been thrown into Canada in short order.

The contention of *The Tribune* was that it did not see the wisdom of intrusting money to patriots to be used in securing Irish independence if at some remote uncertain period during the next one or two centuries England should get into a very tight place so that it would be safe for two-thirds of the then inhabitants of Ireland to take up arms, proceed to subjugate the other third, and establish the Irish republic. It seemed and seems to this paper that if sympathizers with Ireland in this country have money to spare they can use it to more purpose now in pacific ways so as to gain a larger measure of liberty for those who are living in Ireland at this time than by laying it aside for the benefit of the Irish of seven, eight, or nine generations hence and running the risk of having it melt away in the meantime.

During the last seventy years the Irish have obtained a great many things from England, and that, too, without fighting for them. Catholic emancipation was followed in time by the establishment of a free school system, by the disestablishment of the Episcopal church in Ireland, and the conversion to secular uses of a part of the property it held, and by a number of land laws. Mr. Finerty speaks slightingly of the latter. Those Irishmen in Ireland who have enjoyed the benefit of them do not speak thus. Those laws gave to tenants a fixing of tenure which they had not had before, except by custom, in the northern part of the island. Instead of the landlord saying what the rents should be it was ordered that they be determined judicially. And finally provision has been made for the advancing of money by the government to tenants at a low rate of interest, so that they can buy out their landlords. Many have done so, and the number of "alien landlords" is decreasing. This beneficent legislation has been for Ireland alone.

Money raised in this country helped towards securing that legislation. It was raised with the cordial approval and support of *The Tribune*, which rejoiced over the passage of every law which mitigated the hard lot of Irishmen and tended to put them in as good a condition as the inhabitants of the larger island. But supposing that money contributed during the last fifteen years had been put in the hands of Irish opportunists to be expended by them according to the best of their judgment. When, what thus deemed to be the proper time came, the cause of Ireland would not be in as good shape as it is now. That land would not have accomplished anything for the present inhabitants of the island, and they, and not their great-great-grand-children, are the ones whose interests are to be considered first.

The Tribune is an opportunist, but of that school which believes in making the most of the opportunities of the present, though they may seem very small, rather than in neglecting them and waiting for grand hypothetical opportunities which may never come. "When the heavens fall we shall catch larks," but it would be folly not to provide ourselves with food in the meanwhile. From Mr. Finerty's own showing the chances of securing Ireland's independence are not bright. Its population is decreasing, and apparently discontent is decreasing also. As long as England is master of the seas there can be no Irish Republic. What prospect is there of a condition which will deprive her of the control of the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel? Is it worth the while in expectation of that remote event to put money in the hands of men who give no bonds, who publish no statements, and who cannot be compelled to account for a dollar?

The Tribune thinks not, and nothing Mr. Finerty can say will change its opinion unless he can give the date of the happening of the "opportunity" for which the money now being collected is to be used, and will give security that that money will not melt away. On the other hand Mr. Finerty will not be convinced by anything this paper may say. He has been a revolutionist from the cradle, and he felt the weight of the yoke of the oppressor before he left Ireland. He can no more be reconciled to England than Hannibal could to Rome. Therefore the argument may just as well end here, and future ages, if they take any interest in the matter, may decide between the parties.

FINAL REMARKS BY "THE CITIZEN."

[A great deal of ink has been wasted by American editors in seeking, for some inscrutable, purpose to blacken the character of Irishmen prominently connected with the Fenian and Clan-na-Gael organizations. Can any person in America name a single Irishman who has grown rich by means of his patriotism? We can name scores who have grown and remained poor because they remained true to the cause of Irish independence. Americans can fling no stones with impunity at the Irish glass house. They live in one themselves. This city has had a defaulting sheriff, a defaulting treasurer and a defaulting collector, neither of whom was an Irishman. Not long ago, a defaulting treasurer, not an Irishman, was lynched brutally in one of the Dakotas. There have been Irish "boodle" commissioners and aldermen, but the natives "and others" have kept steady pace with them in every city of the land. Money was wasted on American military experiments during the civil war, were the American military authorities therefore dishonest? All the world knows that Clan-na-Gael money rescued John Boyle O'Reilly and other Irish military state prisoners, from the British penal settlements of Australia. This, certainly, was money well spent. Had such an organization existed in the days of Napoleon, he would not have perished miserably on the Rock of St. Helena. *The Tribune* affects to say that the Fenians did not help America in Canada, and that America can take care of her own wars. We notice that whenever the United States gets into trouble the Irishman is a great fellow with the recruiting officers, and green is a lovely color. The Anglo-American is no coward in the field, but where England, his "mother country," is the aggressor, he has generally to be, so to speak, kicked into fighting her. Let the outrages preceding the war of 1812 bear witness, and let the Hartford convention live in history as a monument to the treason of Benedict Arnold. In any case, whatever money was spent, or may be spent, is the money of Irishmen or their sons, and they are entitled to do as they please with it. America owes just as much to the Irish race as it owes to America.

It will be noticed that in neither Mr. Finerty's first nor second letter did he allude to "the ancient glories of Ireland," but *The Tribune's* mode of "argument" takes a wide scope. As Mr. Finerty does not pretend to be a prophet, he cannot fix the date of the arrival of "the opportunity." In this respect he is sorry to be compelled to disoblige *The Tribune*—*The Tribune* that called this nation to arms for 4,000,000 of black slaves in the South; but which ridicules and despises Irish-American sympathy with a larger number of white slaves in Ireland. *The Tribune* absolutely misstates facts when it says Ireland ever got anything from the good will of England. Every "concession" of the British usurpers followed either a display of force or a threat of force on the part of the Irish. Why will able editors deliberately fabricate? For the rest, we may dismiss *The Tribune's* flippant argument as unworthy of our serious notice.]

THAT OHIO TRAGEDY.

Story of the Fatal Shooting Affray Between Osborne and the Elliott Brothers Graphically Retold by Paul C. Sullivan.

P. J. Elliott Did Not Conspire With His Brother, and the Former Killed A. C. Osborne in Pure Self-Defense.

[*To the Editor.*]

COLUMBUS, O., June 22.—Owing to a few errors having crept into your otherwise admirable editorial in a recent issue of your valuable paper, regarding the Elliott brothers, I am requested by their friends in this city to send you the following statement of facts:

The Elliotts did not conduct a "personal paper." The *Sunday Capital*, although aggressive, was not given to personalities unless first assailed. The pen of Col. W. J. Elliott was ever wielded in defense of the weak against the strong, and he was the ever ready champion of the rights of labor. But what should endear him most to every true Irishman's heart is his intense love and devotion to the land of his birth, and his manly and fearless antagonism to the enemies of his race and creed.

Another phase of his character that should earn for him the undying gratitude of noble womanhood everywhere was that his pen and voice were always on the side of the weaker sex, shielding and defending female purity and innocence from the snares thrown in their path by the many "Lord Leathrims" who infest Columbus, in common with all other American cities, and who openly and unblushingly prey on female virtue. If this be personal journalism, then Col. W. J. Elliott was a personal journalist. I am safe in saying that he did more to purify the immoral atmosphere of our city than the combined efforts of the sixty-five Protestant ministers who protested against his brother's parole. All fair minded residents of Columbus, not in sympathy with a certain class of human vultures, will at once admit the truth of this.

Almost two years ago Patrick J. Elliott, through his friends, applied for a parole. Attached to his petition are many thousands of signatures from all over Ohio. There are also about one hundred and twenty-five letters from gentlemen of prominence, such as ex-cabinet ministers, ex-governors, bank presidents, presidents of chambers of commerce, etc., etc., representing an aggregated capital of over eighty millions of dollars, earnestly asking for his parole. It is an admitted fact that the influence brought to bear in his behalf far exceeds all the influence used in behalf of other prisoners since the enactment of the parole law. Yet all this powerful influence became neutralized by the efforts of a few malignant bigots, ninety-nine per cent of whom are the very off-scourings of society.

Some months ago the board of managers of the penitentiary (not the pardon board; they are two distinct bodies with distinct prerogatives), said they would not grant his parole while another indictment stood against him. The reader will understand that Col. W. J. Elliott and his brother P. J. Elliott were both convicted and sentenced, the former to life imprisonment, and the latter to twenty years, the extreme limit for manslaughter, notwithstanding that the then prosecutor promised him before trial that if he would plead guilty to the charge of manslaughter he would get him off with a one-year sentence. Patrick refused to do so, as it was a clear case of self defense, for in the fatal struggle in the hat store, where he retreated to escape the flying bullets, already suffering from two wounds received at the hands of Osborne, he met the latter in the act of reloading his revolver. They came together and clinched, and Osborne being much the larger man, Patrick Elliott was compelled to accept one of two alternatives, viz., lose his own life, or take that of his murdrous assailant. He chose the latter. Who would not under similar circumstances?

It is very evident that Osborne entered the hat store to reload his gun for the express purpose of again renewing the fight on the outside. The grand jury found two separate indictments for murder in the first degree against each of the Elliotts—one for conspiracy to kill Osborne, the other for the killing of W. L. Hughes, a bystander, who was accidentally struck by a stray bullet. In order to remove the cause advanced by the board for not granting his parole, the friends of P. J. Elliott endeavored to have the prosecutor "nolle" the second indictment, but instead of so doing he placed it on the court calendar for trial. Knowing he would not get a fair trial here, his attorneys succeeded in getting a change of venue to Lancaster where he was acquitted on the very same testimony that convicted him here. It was not for the killing of Osborne that he was convicted at the former trial, as that was clearly a case of justifiable homicide, but for conspiring with his brother to kill, and as the bottom was completely knocked out of that theory at Lancaster, and as his brother (Col. W. J.), could not conspire with himself, it is therefore plain that neither one was guilty of conspiracy.

There is no evidence to show that P. J. Elliott did any shooting until he became involved in the life and death struggle with Osborne in the hat store. So that Washington L. Hughes was struck by a stray bullet fired by either Col. W. J. Elliott or A. C. Osborne, with the chances greatly in favor of the latter committing the deed. Col. Elliott being an old soldier and used to being under fire was more cool than Osborne, who became greatly excited, especially so after he was shot in the chin by Col. Elliott. Then he (Osborne) began shooting in all directions.

I should here state it was shown in evidence that Osborne had been practicing at target shooting with a revolver during several days just previous to the tragedy, and on the morning of the day he met his death, he visited several saloons calling for fighting whiskey, and when his body was searched at the coroner's office a box of cartridges was found on his person, while about a handful were found loose in his overcoat pocket ready for instant use. It was also shown in evidence that he was standing in the recess of a stairway, in ambuscade as it were, waiting for either of the Elliotts to come along. But he did not escape the quick and soldier eye of Col. W. J. Eliott who chanced to be in the lead of his brother, and when he got opposite to where Osborne stood, he and the latter began shooting simultaneously. The evidence is conflicting as to who shot first, many claiming it was impossible to tell, as they saw the flash from both pistols at the same instant. It was further shown that Osborne had his hand in his overcoat pocket all the time he stood in the stairway recess waiting for the Elliotts, and did not even take it out when he saw the Elliotts approaching, but began shooting through his overcoat pocket, therefore clearly showing he was fully prepared and eager for the fray.

As to the cause or causes leading to the tragedy, I will inform the reader that this man Osborne was, at various times, during a period of several years employed on the *Sunday Capital*. Col. Elliott had frequently discharged him for cause, but in the exercise of his generous Irish spirit would as often take him back again. The last time however that he discharged him, he (Osborne) found employment on a rival Sunday paper then lately started—the *Sunday World*. From that time on he lost no opportunity to abuse Col. Elliott in every issue of his paper, but he always got it back in kind. After his repeated failures to provoke Elliott to a fight, he told a brother journalist he would invent something that would force the Colonel (meaning Elliott) to fight if there was any fight in him; but he added that he thought Elliott was too big a coward to fight. He lost no time in carrying out the above threat, for in the very next issue of the *Sunday World* he shamefully and villainously attacked the wives and dead mother of the Elliotts. I will here say that the wives of the Elliott brothers are sisters, and will cheerfully add my testimony to that of all who have the pleasure of their acquaintance, by saying that no purer or truer type of refined womanhood reside within our city, or in fact anywhere else. They are certainly models of purity—a trait of character pre-eminently the birthright of the noble daughters of Erin the world over—the pride and glory of the Irish race.

The writer had not the pleasure of knowing the mother of the Elliott brothers, but I am sure a lady who gave her race two such noble sons must have been a singularly gifted and exemplary mother. I have been intimately acquainted with Col. W. J. and P. J. Elliott many years, and am proud of the fact. I do not esteem their friendship any less now because they occupy a felon's cell. Their zebra stripes I look on as decorations of honor; won in open fight with the vile traducer of the wives of their bosom, and the fond mother that gave them birth.

I am sorry to see a few of our Irish-American journals misled by the result of the Lancaster trial. They seem to think it was a new trial, and that Patrick J. Elliott is acquitted of all charges. Not so. He was only acquitted on the second indictment (murder in the first degree) for the accidental killing of W. L. Hughes. The only ground the state had for conviction was to prove, as on the former trial, that a conspiracy existed between the two brothers to kill A. C. Osborne, and any other crime resulting directly or indirectly from said conspiracy. No matter whether they intended to do the deed or not, they should be held just as responsible as though they conspired to commit the crime. This I believe is the law. The state succeeded most beautifully in convincing the Franklin county courts and juries that the Elliotts were guilty of the violation of this phase of the law, and with the same identical testimony ingloriously failed in the court of the adjoining county of Fairfield—a sad commentary indeed on the impartial (?) bearings of our Columbus courts of justice.

Patrick J. Elliott's acquittal at Lancaster clearly demonstrates one fact, viz.: that this unrelenting persecution is mainly confined to Columbus, and therefore local in its operations. His friends now think there should be no trouble to secure his parole if an energetic effort is made in the near future. The alleged obstacle being now removed, I am sure Gov. McKinley or the board will not offer any further objections, but will cheerfully grant a long delayed prayer for simple justice.

Trusting that you will kindly give this space in THE CITIZEN, and also hoping your Irish-American exchanges will copy it, with the view of correcting any erroneous impressions our fellow-countryman may have regarding this deplorable occurrence, and also to learn the true facts in the case as deducted from the sworn testimony.

PAUL P. SULLIVAN.

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

IRISH HOSTILITY TO ENGLAND.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, June 23.—The hopelessness of welding Great Britain and Ireland into a truly national union was aptly illustrated during the recent proceedings in the English Parliament relating to conferring bronze honors on that notorious regicide and assassin, the canting Cromwell. In explaining the back-down of the government Mr. Morley took occasion to lament the fact that the movement to confer dignity on the memory of the monster who ruthlessly butchered the helpless women and children around the cross at Drogheda, and whose dreadful malediction of "to hell or Connaught" still thrills the soul of the Irish peasant with a living horror, lacked the elements of nationality on the part of the so-called union of Great Britain and Ireland. This assertion on the part of the Irish chief secretary brings the memory remiscently back through the avenues of seven centuries of time, only to find not a single man of English birth around whose memory both countries could rally in national harmony. From Strongbow to Salisbury the Anglo-Irish record is blotted and stained with blood and tears. Surely John Morley must have been sunk in the slumber of apathy or ignorance concerning the relations of Celt and Saxon when he harbored the thought that England could produce one central figure typical in a national sense of mutual regard on the part of both countries. We might point out to him that the erection of statues to the Dutch usurper, William, and monuments to the English Nelson, has been the work of the "garrison," and not the spontaneous testimony of Nationalist Ireland. We might go a step further and assure him that not one Irishman who has achieved distinction in England's service is enshrined in the national regard of Ireland.

In aiding to build up an empire in which their country is at heart a thing apart, these Irishmen have sundered themselves from the ennobling adulation of their native land. In this we have the most convincing evidence of Ireland's unswerving allegiance to an individual nationality in which the glorification of "the empire" forms but a very insignificant part. Contrast Wolfe Tone or Emmet with Wellington or Wolseley in the esteem of their compatriots and oblivion at once enfolds these two great soldiers. It is the same in those other fields of human endeavor in which Irishmen have risen to fame in England's service. Burke, Goldsmith and Sheridan are remembered only as Englishmen. Moore, were it not for his incomparable melodies, would have ceased to exist in the national esteem of his countrymen. This is the feeling of national Ireland. How fares it with national England? It is an undoubted fact that a movement to erect a monument to Lord Norbury or Major Sirr would be popular in England. Both in the opinion of John Bull were loyal to the crown. In Ireland their memories are held up to well-merited obloquy and execration. Aside from the amazing ignorance of Irish sentiment displayed by English statesmen in asking Irish members to erect a memory to "red-nosed Noll," we are brought face to face with the shadowy character of the so-called "union of hearts." To those Englishmen who indulge in this unsubstantial sentiment, we can give assurance that the heart of Ireland beats soundly in harmony with its own separate nationality, and not in unison with the onward trend of an empire in whose prosperity she can enjoy no active part.

W. J. PURCELL.

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast running over a peerless track, amid the grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

As for the promise of "Comfort in Travel" by this road, as well as the speed and safety realized, the many thousands who pass over it will surely testify that it is kept to the letter.—*The Standard*, Chicago.

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

MOUNTAIN STORMED.

HISTORIC LOOKOUT CAPTURED BY EPWORTH LEAGUERS.

And a Memorable Service Held on the Summit—Two Thousand Visitors to the Chattanooga Gathering of Methodists Greet the Appearance of the King of Day With the Old Doxology.

CHATTANOOGA, June 28. — Lookout mountain was stormed early yesterday morning by 2,000 Epworth Leaguers, who took possession without opposition. At 2:30 a. m. the street cars began to move the young Methodists toward the mountain. As the cars ran through the city and suburbs their occupants made the air resound with the old-fashioned Methodist camp-meeting music. Darkness covered the face of the mountain as they reached its base, but that did not deter them from their purpose. With glad some song and hearty shouts the ascent was begun. On they went until a steady stream was scaling the side of the historic old mountain. It was a grand scene that the eye beheld as the summit was reached. The gray of the morning dawn had put in its appearance and one could catch glimpses of the surrounding landscape.

Like a Scene 1900 Years Ago.

Great clouds of mist hung over the city and the valley. The faint outlines of the Tennessee river could be traced as it gracefully made its turn on the Moccasin bend. The assembled band of Wesleyan pilgrims, representing almost every state of the Union and also the Dominion of Canada, reverentially uncovered their heads and began their devotions. Rev. George R. Stuart, the celebrated evangelist who assists Sam Jones in his meetings, led the service. As he stood and talked to the people of the love of God and of the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and as one looked upon the peculiar surroundings of the assembly, his mind ran back to that noted meeting of nearly 1900 years ago, when a great assembly of people heard the gospel proclaimed by its Great Founder upon a mount of Palestine.

A Never-To-Be Forgotten Scene.

The Sermon on the Mount was in the minds and the hearts of all present. As the service went on the face of nature changed. The great clouds rolled back, the mist fled, and the gray turned into the rosy tints of the morn. The worshippers stood as if lost in devotion and adoration. Their hearts were brought close to the God of nature, who was so beautifully and majestically revealing His power to them. They stood silent, and then as there peeped over the distant horizon the first beams of the great King of Day, they all, as if moved by a common spirit, broke forth with the long metre doxology, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." The good Methodists could stand it no longer. Their pent-up feelings became exuberant and old shouts were given and handshakes were exchanged on all sides. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

Received Some Pictures with Applause.

Yesterday was given to the carrying out of an elaborately prepared programme of routine papers and addresses of interest to the leaguers. The appearance of a colored speaker, Rev. John Wesley Bowen, of Atlanta, was the occasion of generous applause from the audience. At the afternoon meeting a great hit was made by an address of Rev. Carlos Martyn, a Presbyterian minister from Chicago, who spoke on "Christian Citizenship." He said the north had to look to the south for help in the direction of city reform. The pictures he drew of the corruption of Chicago were received with great applause.

At the night meeting 15,000 were present, and speeches were made by Miss Stella Rule, of Knoxville; Rev. W. P. Lovejoy, of Athens, Ga.; Rev. F. L. Loveland, of Clinton, Ia.; Bishop Thoburn, of Indiana, and others.

The Defender Is Afloat.

BRISTOL, R. I., July 2.—At 2:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon, under the direction of Captain Nat Herreshoff, the tug Right-arm began pulling three big hawsers fastened to the Defender. For over a quarter of an hour the efforts of the tug were without perceptible effect and then suddenly, a few moments before 3 o'clock, the boat slipped off the ways and floated into deep water amid the tooting of whistles and the shouts of the spectators. A diver examined her hull later and found that it was not damaged in the least by her forty-eight hours of "stuck in the ways."

Buford Monument Dedicated.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 2.—The formal dedication of the Buford monument took place in the presence of a large gathering of civic and military organizations. The war department, the state of Pennsylvania, the West Point class of 1848, of which Buford was a member; the staff of General Reynolds, who was killed at Buford's side, and the various commands with which Buford was identified were present. The ceremonies opened with an oration by General J. H. Wilson.

Echo of Last Year's Strike.

CHICAGO, June 29.—The city of Chicago is made defendant in a damage suit for $100,000 filed in the Circuit court by the Illinois Central Railroad company. The case is one of a series of cases commenced against the city by the railroads to recover damages which they claim to have suffered by injuries to their freight cars and delay to their business arising from the American Railway union strike of last year.

Complicated the Case Somewhat.

ONTONAGON, Mich., June 28.—Frank M. Wilbeck, of Chicago, president of the Wilbeck Lumber company, of Ewen, had David A. Nease and Joseph Totten, of Ewen, arrested for embezzlement. They have taken out a capias for Wilbeck for false imprisonment, laying their damages at $30,000.

San Francisco Fire Cost $1,200,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—The loss on Thursday evening's fire is placed at $1,200,000. Three hundred families are not only homeless, but have lost all their belongings. Great destitution prevails. A relief fund has been started by the Examiner.

Mrs. Barnes Exonerated.

ST. LOUIS, June 28.—As the result of an inquest held over the remains of Annie Smith, who died from a pistol shot wound inflicted by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Barnes, the latter was exonerated.

FATAL FIRE AT MINNEAPOLIS.

Six Firemen Meet Their Death—Heavy Loss of Property.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 28.—During a fire on First avenue south last night six firemen were killed. The loss to property, principally McDonald's crockery house, will be large.

Following are the names of the dead firemen: Joseph Hay, Walter Richardson, Frank Rulaine (lieutenant), John Horner, Bert Thomas and an unidentified man, a member of engine company No. 14. Several others were seriously injured and it is thought that there may be still more dead who have not been extricated from under the ruins of the walls which fell and crushed them.

The seriously injured so far as known are: Ed Thielen (lieutenant) and Captain Cadwell. The property loss consisted of the entire demolition of the building occupied by McDonald Bros., dealers in crockery, chinaware, glassware, silverware and gas fixtures. The building was of four stories, brick walls and wooden interior framework, and was well stocked.

The fire originated in the boxes and packing stored in the rear of the building, and was beyond the power of the fire department to control. At a few minutes before midnight the walls fell, one side wall falling in and the other falling out into the alley where the firemen were at work. The total loss will aggregate over $260,000; insurance unknown.

DEBT INCREASE FOR A YEAR.

Aggregates the Sum of $33,517,337—Other Facts from the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows the debt on June 30, 1895, the end of the fiscal year, to have been $1,096,913,120, exclusive of $579,207,863 in certificates and treasury notes in circulation offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury, and exclusive also of $31,157,750 in bonds of the last issue, which have not yet been delivered to the London purchasers. The corresponding debt of June 30, 1894, was $1,016,807,816, showing an increase for the year, including bonds not yet delivered in London, of $111,173,054. The cash in the treasury, however, has increased during the year from $117,584,436 to $195,230,153, a gain of $77,655,717.

The true public debt, including bonds not yet delivered, less cash in the treasury, is therefore $922,830,717, an increase for the year of $33,517,337. The present debt is recapitulated as follows: Interest bearing debt, $716,202,060; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,712,590; debt bearing no interest, $376,898,469; total (exclusive of bonds not delivered), $2,096,913,120. The cash in the treasury is classified as follows: Gold, $155,893,931; silver, $512,338,750; paper, $125,925,883; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, etc., $16,903,120, making a total of $811,061,686, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $615,821,533.

FOURTH STRAIGHT FOR YALE.

Sons of Eli Defeat the Harvards Badly in the Boat Race.

NEW LONDON, Conn., June 29.—Yale won the fourth consecutive victory over Harvard in the university boat race here last evening, and won easily by nine lengths, the official time being 21:30. The conditions of water and wind could not have been more favorable. Harvard had a slight advantage at the start, but when a mile had been rowed Yale was a length and a half in the lead, Eli's crew rowing with a stronger stroke than the Harvard men, who splashed a little over the entire course.

The story of the race is told in the record of the official time, which is as follows: First mile, Yale 5:04, Harvard 5:20; second mile, Yale 10:21, Harvard 10:37; third mile, Yale 15:59, Harvard 16:21; fourth mile, Yale 21:30, Harvard 22:05. Two members of the Harvard crew were badly exhausted by the time the course had been rowed, but the Yale men appeared fit for a continuation of the work, and rowed a quarter of a mile without easing up their stroke.

Appeal to Friends of Home Rule.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The Irish National Federation of America, in response to an urgent appeal from the Irish National party, have issued an appeal to friends of home rule. After rehearsing the position of the home rule cause at present in parliament, the circular declares that the Irish party have kept faith with the Liberals and that the Liberal ministry should not resign without making an effort to pass the measures agreed upon. It also maintains that Ireland is today in a better position to force her claims for home rule than ever before.

Dr. Buchanan Executed.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Dr. Buchanan—notwithstanding the situation late Sunday night that indicated a further respite—was placed in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison about 11 a. m. yesterday and was pronounced dead in exactly eighty seconds. The exact time when the button was touched and the lightning struck the doctor was 11:36.

Buchanan got a divorce from his first wife, married a wealthy widow, got possession of her property, poisoned her, and then married wife No. 1. It cost $30,000 to convict him, so stubborn was his fight for life.

Favor Calling a Silver Convention.

ST. CHARLES, Mo., June 28.—Earl R. Brist, secretary of the silver conference held in this city last week, has received communications from the chairmen of fifty counties out of a total of 114 in Missouri, all but two of which are in favor of calling a state convention for the purpose of defining the position of the Democratic party on the silver question.

Fire at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, July 1.—Fire consumed the contents of a four-story brick building at 105 and 110 West Third street, causing a loss on the building of $12,000 and $40,000 on the stock and machinery of the Kansas City Paper Box company. The insurance is about two-thirds of the loss. The building was owned by Dr. J. S. Pierce, and was rebuilt after being demolished by a cyclone in 1886.

Ex-Treasurer Commits Suicide.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—Louis Blanc, ex-treasurer of the B'Nai B'Rith society, committed suicide by turning on the gas. Blanc was discovered to be short $13,000 in his accounts some months ago.

Whisky Trust Granted Incorporation.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 2.—The secretary of state has granted a license for the incorporation of the old whisky trust under the name of the American Spirits Manufacturing company.

DEATHS OF PROMINENT MEN.

Ex-President Peixoto, Prof. Huxley and Gen. Green Clay Smith.

RIO JANEIRO, July 1.—Ex-President Peixoto is dead. One of the most prominent figures in the eventful history of modern Brazil has passed away with the death of Floriano Peixoto. His position was that of a distinguished soldier and a statesman who was always found equal to the many sudden political emergencies in his country. By the resignation Nov. 23, 1891, of President da Fonseca, Marshal Peixoto became chief executive of the republic. His administration was chiefly devoted to keeping the two indomitable rebels, De Mello and Da Gama, from overthrowing the government.

The siege of Rio Janeiro by the insurgent fleet was perhaps the most interesting incident of Peixoto's administration. As the date for the national election in Brazil approached, it was generally surmised that Peixoto would declare himself dictator and remain at the head of the government. Peixoto's course was, however, that of a good citizen. When Dr. de Morales was elected president Peixoto disappointed all the prophets of evil by peacefully turning over the reins of government and doing all he could to make his successor's road an easy one. His health then failing the ex-president retired from public life.

Death of the Veteran Gen. Smith.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—General Green Clay Smith, the veteran preacher, soldier and politician, died at his residence in this city. He had been ill for some weeks with a malignant carbuncle, which resisted all treatment. General Smith came from a famous Kentucky family, and was born July 3, 1832. In 1860 he was a member of the Kentucky legislature and the next year became major of the Third Kentucky cavalry. While in the field he was nominated for congress as a Republican, and resigned to take his seat in the house. In 1864 he missed the nomination for the vice presidency on the ticket with Lincoln by half a vote. Later he went into the ministry and in 1876 he was nominated by the Prohibitionists for president. In 1895 he came to Washington and became pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist church.

Huxley Solves the Problem for Himself.

LONDON, July 1.—The celebrated Prof. Huxley is dead. Thomas Henry Huxley was born near this city in May, 1825. He was the originator of the doctrine of evolution and of the term "agnostic" for those who "do not know" in reference to a hereafter, as opposed to those who by faith and belief in the scriptures claim that they do know. He died in agnosticism. He and Gladstone had a controversy through the papers on the subject. His great study was life—where did it come from. He never found out, but discovered to his own satisfaction and that of other scientists that "protoplasm" is the one thing common to all life.

KENTUCKY DEMOCRATS.

Full Ticket Nominated After a Convention Lasting Three Days.

LOUISVILLE, June 28.—After a session lasting three days, the most memorable ever held by the Kentucky Democracy, that party has nominated a full ticket and the gathering has adjourned sine die. The ticket complete is as follows: For governor, P. Watt Hardin; lieutenant governor, R. T. Tyler; treasurer, R. C. Ford; auditor, L. C. Norman; register of the land office, G. B. Swango; attorney general, W. J. Hendrick; secretary of state, Henry S. Hale; superintendent of public instruction, Ed Porter Thompson; commissioner of agriculture, I. B. Vall. Final adjournment was not reached until 9 p. m. yesterday.

Everything was harmonious except when the nomination for secretary of state was up. There were four candidates—H. S. Hall, J. W. Headley, Charles W. Metcalfe, and J. Stoddard Johnston—and there was no nomination on the first or second ballot. Just after the second ballot Virgil Taylor charged fraud on the chairman, and Berry retorted: "Sit down, or I will have you attended to." "D—n you, we will have justice," returned Taylor, and then he burst into a string of oaths which he directed at the chairman. He was only pulled off after he had created a very exciting scene.

FATAL FIRE IN A RAG SHOP.

Floor Collapses and Two Firemen Are Killed and Eight Injured.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 1.—A fire in the rag shop of the Hubeley Manufacturing company in Brackett court caused the death of two firemen and injured eight others. The dead are: W. F. Brigham and Lieutenant J. J. Boyle, both of hose No. 4. The injured are: Deputy Chief Engineer George S. Coleman, Captain W. N. Avery, John P. Casey, F. H. Bassford, R. D. Robinson, and E. C. Atwood, all members of hose No. 4, and Henry H. Ham and C. E. Chamberlain, of hose No. 9. A floor in the upper story collapsed and fell, carrying the two floors underneath it into the cellar. The men went down with it and were buried under the ruins and bales of rags.

Fell Head First into a Post Hole.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 28.—Mrs. Sarah Lewis has served notice on the city of injuries claim to have been received by her by falling down a telphone pole hole several weeks ago. The hole was dug in the tall grass by the Home Telephone company for a new pole. Mrs. Lewis in walking through the grass stumbled and fell down the hole. The sides were so narrow that she could not move her arms and for half an hour she was held fast, head downward, in the hole seven feet deep. When removed she was utterly prostrated and her health is said to have suffered permanently. The city will be asked to pay $5,000 damages.

THE DEATH RECORD.

MILO J. CHASE, president of the Chase Bros. Piano company, at Chicago.

MARK LYUCK, well-known theatrical man, at New York.

Rev. EUGENE EVANS, prominent colored divine, at Springfield, Ills.

PHILLIP PHILLIPS, composer and singer of sacred music, at Delaware, O.

GEORGE F. BISSELL, prominent citizen of Chicago, at Asheville, N. C.

Ex-State Senator DAVID HUNTER SUNDERLAND, at Freeport, Ills.

Marshal FLORIANO PEIXOTO, ex-president of Brazil, at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

PAUL HAUSER, prominent citizen of St. Paul.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH, well known in railway circles, at Burlington, Ia.

LEON HARRIER, well known publisher and theatrical critic, at New York.

Ex-Congressman W. E. PARROTT, at Evansville, Ind.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.

Reports by Telegraph of Important Happenings in Our Own State During the Past Few Days—News of Interest to the People of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, June 27.—The Republicans of the senate met in caucus and received the report of committee appointed to investigate the subject of the state's finances. The report was a divided one. Harding had prepared a statement which showed that the deficit would amount to $500,000. Dunlap had a statement which estimated a surplus instead a deficit, based on the idea that the inheritance tax and corporation fees would show a big increase. The caucus decided to accept these figures. Howell left the caucus, declaring that a deficit existed and it was child's play to attempt to escape it. The caucus decided to favor the investigation of the state treasury during the Democratic administration. Neither house did any business.

A joint caucus of the Republican senators and representatives was held in the afternoon. Berry offered a resolution that the caucus proceed at once to decide what portion, if any, of the governor's proclamation be considered this special session. A motion that a joint committee be appointed to report to an adjourned meeting of the caucus on the subject of tax levy, was adopted.

The governor has vetoed the senate bill looking to the promotion of the construction of a waterway, the idea being the construction of a trunk waterway through the state from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river. The governor says such schemes are very enchanting, but this one would cost too much even if practicable, which it is not.

SPRINGFIELD, June 28.—The business done in the two houses of the Illinois legislature was not great. In the senate Mahoney tried to get up a labor arbitration bill, but could not suspend the rules. Salomon had a park bill for Chicago that he was no more fortunate with and all attempts to introduce bills were objected to and defeated. In the house Kitmiller, Republican, introduced a resolution that the house elect a speaker pro tem and introduced a row at the same time. A motion to table was carried by the Republicans—75 to 44. A motion was carried for a committee of five to examine the finances of the state and see whether the appropriations were sufficient. Both houses adjourned for the day.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 29.—Both houses of the Illinois legislature have adopted an adjournment resolution to July 9, and the members have gone home until that date. Bills were introduced in the senate: For arbitration of labor disputes; revenue bill abolishing the state board of equalization; to regulate charges in sleeping cars; to tax all butter substitutes. The house received the majority and minority reports of the sufficiency of the tax levy and ordered the printing of 5,000 copies of each.

Speaker Meyer Very Sick.

FREEPORT, Ills., July 1.—Speaker John M. Meyer is a very sick man. During the last three days his illness has assumed a more serious phase and there is at present no prospect of his returning to Springfield for some time to come, unless he does so against the advice of his physician. Mr. Meyer is at the home of his father-in-law, C. O. Collman, and is unable to see any visitors. Dr. W. S. Caldwell, who is attending him, called at the residence three times and said that his patient was resting easier, but is still very ill. Mr. Meyer's wife is constantly attending upon him.

Illinois State Fair.

SPRINGFIELD, July 1.—The premium list for the Illinois state fair of 1895 embraces premiums aggregating over $40,000 in cash. The state board of agriculture has designated President Judy and Secretary Garrard as a committee to confer with a like committee to be appointed from the citizens to establish a bureau of information for persons visiting the fair. Headquarters will be maintained and all information necessary furnished visitors.

Lincoln Monument Transfer Postponed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 2.—Yesterday was the day when the transfer of the national Lincoln monument was to be made by the Monument association to the state, and arrangements had been made for a public meeting in Representatives' hall last night, at which the transfer should be made, but the ceremony was postponed to the night of July 9.

Half a Crop of Winter Wheat.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 1.—The crop bulletin of the secretary of the state board of agriculture says the latest information received at the department of agriculture is to the effect that but little over half a crop of winter wheat will be harvested in Illinois this year.

Site for a New Normal School.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 2.—The trustees have completed a tour of inspection of sites offered at Rockford, Oregon, Polo, Fulton City, and DeKalb for the location of the new northern Illinois Normal school. The board will meet July 15 in Chicago and decide on a site.

Headed by a Harlan Man.

KEOKUK, Ia., June 29.—The Lee county Republican convention chose a delegation to the state convention uninstructed as to governor, but headed by Congressman S. M. Clark, a Harlan man.

Notes of the State.

Fourteen persons attempted to dig out of the county jail at Pana, Ills. They were discovered just as they were about to succeed.

Mrs. Alfred Mills, wife of a Peoria county, Ills., farmer, residing four miles east of Elmwood, committed suicide by throwing herself into a cistern.

S. Cafky, dry goods, at Jacksonville, Ills., has failed. Assets, $24,000; liabilities, $17,000.

Ed Corrigan and George V. Hankins take occasion to denounce as a lie out of whole cloth Chicago dispatches which credit them with trying to buy the Illinois legislature.

James Dorsey of Arlington, Ills., was sandbagged by highwaymen and robbed of $50. The injuries he sustained may prove fatal.

The board of health is advised of two additional cases of smallpox at Villa Ridge, Pulaski county, Ills.

DENVER COUNCILMEN IN PERIL.

Indignant Citizens Make Threats Against Some of Them.

DENVER, June 28.—The city council chamber was invaded by indignant citizens who were determined on seeing that boodle measures were not favored. The special cause for the gathering was a pending ordinance providing for a change in the water service, which was said to have its origin with the Union Water company. The aldermen were in session over eight hours. A force of fifty policemen in uniform and a score of detectives in citizens' clothes were scattered about the room to prevent any outbreak upon the part of the mob. Threats of violence were loudly made. Once a rope was shown by the crowd, and its use was demanded during the afternoon meeting, when Alderman Emery changed his vote from the side of the taxpayers to that of the water company.

A rush was made for the rail separating the seats of the aldermen from the spectators, but trouble was averted under the counsel of cool-headed leaders, who were prompt to check all tendencies toward violence. The chamber at times rang with the cries, "Hang him!" "Boodle!" "Kill the traitor!" and others of like character. Alderman Leet, who represented the sentiment of the surging mass, at one time addressed the crowd, urging the preservation of order. He declared that the passage of the ordinance would not settle the matter under consideration; that before its final adoption it would have to receive the approval of the board of supervisors, and then that of the mayor.

He declared, further, in answer to charges that the water company owned them all, that the mayor could be depended upon as be opposed to the unpopular proposition before the council. Alderman Ames also assured the people that triumph would ultimately come to them, and pleaded with them to return to their homes. These statements inspired confidence and the crowd melted away. Later the ordinance passed, and to escape the anger of the citizens who yet lingered about the hall the aldermen stole from the chamber through the rear window and went to their homes in cabs or under police escort.

PRACTICALLY KILLS THE CASE.

Stanford Estate Beats the United States in a Great Suit.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1.—Judge Ross, in the United States circuit court, has sustained the demurrer of Mrs. Leland Stanford in the suit commenced by the general government against the estate of the late Senator Stanford for the recovery of moneys on account of Central Pacific railroad debts. The court sustained the demurrer on the ground that the individual stockholders were not liable for the debts of the corporation, and while the government was given time in which to file an amended complaint it is understood that this decision practically kills the case.

The judge holds that the state can do nothing in the matter, because the law holding stockholders liable individually for the debt of a corporation was passed after the Pacific railway people made their contract with the government, and the government has no claim because that contract does not even hold the corporation, let alone its members, liable from reimbursement to the government for its bonds.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Cal., July 1.—There was great rejoicing at Stanford university when the news was received that Judge Ross had sustained the demurrer in the case of the government against the Stanford estate. An adverse decision in the case meant the ruin of the university.

No Religious Garb for Teachers.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 29.—Governor Hastings last night approved the religious garb bill, which prohibits teachers in public schools from wearing any distinguishing religious garb or insignia of religious orders.

National Schoutzenbund.

NEW YORK, July 2.—The German shooting societies of America paraded the streets of this city on the occasion of the assembling of the National Schoutzenbund.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, July 1.

Money on call easy at 1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange steady with actual business in bankers' bills at 489½@489¾ for demand and 488½@488¾ for sixty days; posted rates 489@489½, and 490@490½; commercial bills, 487¾.

Silver certificates 67; sales 10,000; bar silver, 68¾. Mexican dollars 53¼.

United States government bonds strong; new 4's reg., 123¾; do. coupons, 123¾; 5's reg., 116½; 5 coupons, 116½; 4's reg., 112; 4's coupons, 112¼; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, July 1.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 70½c, closed 69½c; September, opened 72¾c, closed 71½; December, opened 75c, closed 73¾c. Corn—July, opened 47¼c, closed 45½c; September, opened 46¼c, closed 47c; May, opened 40¾c, closed 38¼c. Oats—July, opened 25¼c, closed 25¾c; August, opened 24½c, closed 24¼c; September, opened 23¾c, closed 24¾c. Pork — July, opened $12.47½, closed $12.15; September, opened $12.75, closed $12.30 Lard —July, opened $6.62, closed $6.60.

Produce: Butter — Extra creamery, 17c per lb; extra dairy, 14c; packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 10½@10½c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 14@17c per lb.; hens, 10c; roosters, 6c; turkeys, 7@8c; ducks, 8@9½c; geese, $1.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—New, 65@80 per bu.; Strawberries — Racine, $1.25 @ 2.00 per 16-qt. case. Blackberries, Illinois, $1.50 @2.40 per 24-qt. case. Apples—$2.50@4.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; brown comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, July 1.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 29,000; sales ranged at $3.80@4.70 pigs, $4.70@5.00 light, $4.70@4.85 rough packing, $4.75@5.05 mixed, and $4.90@5.15 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; quotations ranged at $5.55@5.95 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.85@5.50 good to choice do., $4.40@4.90 fair to good, $3.75@4.35 common to medium do., $3.50@3.90 butchers' steers, $2.50@3.15 stockers, $3.30@4.10 feeders, $1.70@3.80 cows, $2.80@4.40 heifers, $2.25@3.80 bulls, $2.60@4.40 Texas steers, $2.50@4.00 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 17,000; sales ranged at $2.80@4.25 westerns, $1.80@2.05 Texans, $1.75@4.10 natives, and $3.30@4.60 lambs.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, July 1.

Wheat—Cash, 73¼c; July, 73¼c; August, 72¼c; September, 73½c. Corn—Cash, 47½c; September, 48c. Oats—July and September, 30½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 26.

Bob Fitzsimmons is on trial at Syracuse, N. Y., for the killing of his sparring partner last winter.

On the Colima, Cumberland Gap and Chicago railroad, one mile from Aiken, S. C., a freight train loaded with rock was derailed and wrecked. Hugh Weatherford, brakeman, Fireman Cherry and a negro named Albert Bronson, were killed. Two others were badly scalded.

A. R. Holman, a prominent attorney of Spring Valley, Minn., has been missing since June 1. He has with him a large amount of money that has been intrusted to him for the payment of taxes.

A colored man, supposed to be John Bull, of Urich, Mo., was found dead in a room at 565 Grand avenue, Kansay City. Indications are that he was foully dealt with.

Thursday, June 27.

Two years ago Bert Range, aged 15, disappeared from his home at Pana, Ills., and his relatives accused his father, E. B. Range, a prominent citizen, of his murder. The young man has returned, having been shipping on Lake Superior for the last two years.

Green Clay Smith, a descendent of the famous Kentucky statesman, Henry Clay, is dying of blood poisoning occasioned by a malignant orbuncle at his home in Washington.

The strike in the National, Providence and Saranac mills at Olneyville, R. I., was practically ended when ninety weavers returned to work. The strikers of the Atlantic mills are still out to the number of 300.

Congressman C. A. Towne says he is considering the calling of a silver convention in Minnesota and says it will be a call for a Republican convention of silver men if he decides to issue it.

Friday, June 28.

Baron Harden-Hickey's island "kingdom" in the south Atlantic is reported to have been gobbled by Great Britain for a coaling station.

Suits have been begun at San Francisco against ex-Postmaster William J. Bryan and ex-Revenue Collector John Quinn to recover alleged shortages in their official accounts.

Four Irish sympathizers in England have donated £20,000 to the anti-Parnellites for an election fund.

Volcanic disturbances are again reported in the Cocopah country of Lower California.

Zella Nicolaus has had Al Ruhman arrested for the larceny of valuable papers which were to be used in her suit against George Gould. Ruhman threatens to sue Lawyer Alexander Simpson, of Jersey City, for $10,000 damages for alienating his wife's affections.

Saturday, June 29.

Anti-Parnellites won in the election for member of parliament made vacant at Cork by the bankruptcy of William O'Brien.

St. Louis city employes have been notified that they must vote if they expect to work for the city.

Henry C. Runkel, one of the veteran lawyers of Milwaukee, is dead. He was 61 years of age.

Jack Dempsey, "the nonpareil" pugilist, is dangerously sick at Rockaway Beach. His condition is precarious, and death may come at any moment.

Miss Nettie Dean, the most prominent society girl of North Branch, Minn., and the daughter of one of the wealthiest men there, has eloped with Alfred Berkling, her father's hired man.

The woman's edition of the St. Paul Dispatch netted $10,000 to be divided among charitable institutions of that city.

Monday, July 1.

A duel between two French statesmen—Gadaud, minister of agriculture and Mirman, socialist,—resulted in a slight wound in the wrist suffered by Gadaud.

Thirteen men—Thomas Croak, Thos. F. White, Patrick Chambers, Fred Kelley, Thomas Sweeney, Edward, Neirin, Peter Field, James Weir, Thomas Vonashek, William Dorman, W. L. Walz, Frank Simmons, James McLaughlin—have been indicted by the grand jury at Chicago on charges of having stuffed city payrolls.

The largest steamer on the great lakes was launched at the Chicago shipyard. She will be called the Victory, is 380 feet long on her keel, 48 feet beam, 28 feet deep and 6,000 tons burden. Her engines are to develop 1,600 horse power.

Formal delivery of the seals of office has taken place at Windsor castle, and the Conservative cabinet is now in charge of the British empire.

There is no truth in the report that the duke of Aumale, uncle of the late count of Paris, has been assassinated.

Tuesday, July 2.

Judge Goggin, of Chicago, adjourned court and discharged jurymen and witnesses because he did not believe the new indeterminate sentence law constitutional. Other Chicago judges and lawyers don't seem to agree with Goggin and say they are not making laws, but enforcing them.

Three unknown Huns were killed by the cars near Phillipsburg, N. J.

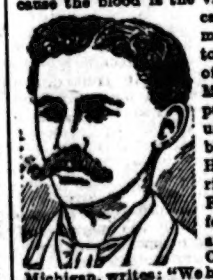
Two masked men held up Hudson & Peters' gambling house at Telluride, Col., took all the money in sight, and escaped on horses.

T. M. Hydock shot and killed a burglar, Charles Taylor, at Omaha.

Fifty-five millions of money is lying idle in the banks of the City of Mexico.

Pure Blood

Is the great requisite for good health, because the blood is the vital fluid which carries nourishment and support to all the organs of the body. Make your blood pure now by the use of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prof. Edwin F. Norton, professor of French and German at Olivet College, Michigan, writes: "We have always found



Hood's Sarsaparilla

of great value in restoring vigor, appetite, etc., whenever we have used it."

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion.

HER DOTTED VEIL.

Her dotted veil doth emphasize
The tender splendor of her eyes.
Its criscross meshes are a snare
The stoutest heart must needs beware,
And safest he who swiftly flies
Her dotted veil.

A patch of plaster here and there
Did ladies of the court devise
To make complexions still more fair,
But now my lady multiplies
This fancy and, forsooth, must wear
Her dotted veil.

And once her veil she pins and ties
The winds may madly veer and tear,
She steps a maiden debonair
Without a thought, without a care,
'Twixt her and fair or cloudy skies
Her dotted veil.

Yet all's not said, for some declare
A mine of untold wealth there lies
In this extensive dotted snare,
For most the ocullist doth prize
The thing that spoils my dear's sweet eyes,
Her dotted veil.

—May D. Hatch in New York Sun.

MONICA'S CRISIS.

He had been coming to the house now for months, and the smiling nod with which she greeted him as he passed the drawing room window would have been justified if only mere friendly acquaintanceship had existed.

But people said there was something more than that, at least the few people who concerned themselves about these two atoms in the whirling world. Her sister Helen, with whom she lived, fancied there was enough between them to call for womanly confidences, and Monica's brother-in-law guessed enough to make him chaff the girl unmercifully at times.

"He is a good match, Monica," Mrs. Leyton would say; "you might do much worse."

"And you might do much better," he proceeded, seeing the girl's color change; "he is old enough to be your—uncle, and his personality is not imposing. Also he has one or two faults which you, as a wife, might not judge quite so leniently as I do, who am only a man and a friend."

"I do not expect perfection in my husband," Monica Newman said; "the days when I thought all men were like Arthur, 'blameless king and stainless knight,' have long since vanished. At eight and twenty a woman has few illusions."

"And few years left wherein to make nice distinctions. 'Gather your roses while you may.' The moral being that you will accept Mr. William Hartley whenever he chooses to ask you."

"I did not say so," Monica put in somewhat fiercely; "you seem very anxious to get rid of me."

It was a woman's thrust with a weapon of which she often made ungenerous use, and it had the usual effect of silencing her sister's husband. Mr. Leyton was as fond of the girl as she was of him, and, not being a rich man, he had made many sacrifices and submitted to many petty economies in order that Helen might take her in. That was probably the reason why they quarreled so frequently.

"Mr. Hartley is coming this evening, is he not?" Helen asked when her husband had caught his city bound train.

"I believe so."

Mrs. Leyton was in a receptive mood that morning, which was unfortunate, since her sister seemed far from communicative. With a little sigh of resignation Helen lifted her work and stitched away industriously, glancing now and then at the dreaming eyes opposite. There was a look in those eyes often that moved the happy young matron to the verge of tears.

It was nearly an hour later when Monica raised her head.

"Helen!"

"Well, dear?"

"Do you think Mr. Hartley wants to marry me?"

"Why, of course," Helen said, looking rather surprised; "his behavior has pointed to that ending for the last six months. But what a question, Monica. Surely you are the one who ought to know best."

"They say a girl can always tell," Monica said. "I must not be like other girls then, for I never can."

"It is very strange," her sister returned. "I do not see how a woman with any intuition can remain in doubt for a moment. The man tells his story in a thousand ways unconsciously—by looks, by actions, by half spoken phrases, in his manner."

"Unconsciously!" Monica interrupted. "How are you to tell when all this arises from the awkward unconsciousness of an honest love that means marriage and when from the studied consciousness of what a man and the world dub flirtation? Do men never pretend?"

"I dare say," faltered Mrs. Leyton, recalling tenderly the sore spot in Monica's history, "but I do not think Mr. Hartley is a man like that."

"I was not thinking of Mr. Hartley," the girl said, "I was thinking of some one else who spoke sweet words and looked out of dark eyes into mine once, whom I loved and who rode away. Do you remember Captain Montague, Helen? He stood 6 feet 2 in his stockings, and was the best built man in the regiment. I do not think his greatest friend would call Mr. Hartley well built, and a bibulous nose, shiny forehead and bald crown do not atone entirely for little defects in physique. Harry is married now; I saw his wife's name in the 'births' in The Morning Post yesterday, and Mr. Hartley is single and wants to marry me, you say. Dear me, what a happy woman I shall be!"

"Don't be cynical, child," Mrs. Leyton said, laying a kindly hand upon her sister's arm. "You have been growing strangely bitter and gloomy of late days, and that is a bad phase of mind for a woman."

"Yes," Monica assented, "when I am happily married to Mr. Hartley."

"You shall not marry Mr. Hartley unless you love him," said Helen quickly.

"I will; I shall marry him when he asks me. It is no question of love between us; the little blind god and I parted company five years ago. Besides it is really time for me to commence earning my own living, and Mr. Hartley needs a housekeeper. It is a fair exchange."

"But, Monica, this is monstrous. You, a young, clever, fine looking woman, to marry a man under such circumstances! It is degrading, it is unwomanly, it is horrible!"

"It is essentially womanly. Why do women marry the wrong men every day, binding themselves fast with open deliberateness? Because the world is peopled by just such women as I am—women craving, starving, dying for the love of husband and little children, to whom the wrong men offer themselves and the right men never come. And youth is short and life is long, and one must take what one can. I would not marry Mr. Hartley if there was another man in all the world who desired me, but there is not one, and I am eight and twenty."

"But surely a marriage without love is the most dreadful lot of all."

"I am not a strong minded woman, Helen," Monica said, holding out her hands impotently, "and I cannot argue. I only know that matrimony is the one profession for which I am fitted, the only channel into which my thoughts have ever by education been turned. Some man must support me, and I should feel the obligation less keenly if that man were my husband."

"But, Monica, it would never do. I know you better than you seem to know yourself. You speak of 'toleration' when you have it in you to love with a depth of passion of which not one woman in ten thousand is capable."

"Do I not know?" the younger woman said, raising her somber eyes swiftly. "I know there is a scarcity for loving in me that is tearing my heart to tatters. I know that I could worship some man well enough to walk barefooted through a world of snow with him, to lie in the dust and let him trample upon my neck, to give him all, all. But men don't want that sort of love nowadays. It is much better to tear the troublesome heart out and be a good housekeeper to Mr. Hartley. He will be away from me a great deal during the days, in the evenings after dinner while he sleeps in his chair I can gaze across at his prosperous purple face and think what a fortunate woman I am."

"It is useless my talking to you," Mrs. Leyton said, with a shrug. "I don't think I quite understand you, Monica."

"A telegram from Dick," Mrs. Leyton said a little later. "Mr. Hartley cannot come to dinner tonight, and Dick is bringing some one else—Mark Grover. I am so glad. I have not seen Mark for months."

"Who is he?" Monica queried listlessly.

"Don't you know, or was it before you came to us? Why, Mark is the nicest fellow I know—a barrister, a member of parliament and Dick's greatest friend. He has been in South Africa since the dissolution, and we have missed him greatly, for he used to be our most constant visitor, and he is such good company. Oh, I'm awfully glad he's coming!"

"Evidently," Monica said, with a half laugh. "I shall expect great things of Mr. Grover after this enthusiasm."

"You are sure to like him," Helen said emphatically. "And, oh, Monie!" she ran on, almost dancing in her excitement. "I have it, now—such a capital idea! You shall marry Mark. I am so glad I thought of it. He is just the kind of man for you—handsome, intellectual, sympathetic. I am sure you will fall head over ears in love with him directly. What possessed me to think of old Hartley for you with such a splendid fellow as Mark to the fore!"

"I am sure I don't know," Miss Newman said, laughing outright. "I wish I had faith enough in my charms to believe your latest scheme feasible."

If she had no faith in her charms, she was at some pains to heighten them that evening before Mr. Grover came. Helen declared she had never seen her sister look better than she did as she swept into the drawing room, with the soft black chiffon of her dress bodice relieving the creamy curves of her neck and arms and the deep gold hair well waved about a slightly flushed face.

"I know Mark will be enchanted," Mrs. Leyton said. "I am so glad you are not yet engaged to Mr. Hartley."

Miss Newman smiled. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and she allowed herself to drift into thoughts of a slightly brighter future than of late she had dared to picture.

Mr. Grover looked upon her with very friendly eyes as they shook hands. At one time or another he had heard a great deal of Mrs. Leyton's sister, and he liked those of the family he already knew well enough to be favorably disposed toward her. Monica was struck by his face. It was not handsome exactly, but it was keen and clever, with hazel eyes that looked out on life with the utmost cheerfulness and friendly feeling. As he stood by the window chatting to her he looked like a perpetual antidote to despair, and the girl felt her spirits rising.

Mrs. Leyton contrived that he and Monica should spend much of the evening together, to the entire satisfaction of both parties, as it subsequently appeared. Mr. Grover was rather fond of hearing himself talk, and Miss Newman proved a more satisfactory listener than generally fell to his lot—in St. Stephen's, for example. He thought he had never met a girl of more excellently discriminating qualities when in the course of conversation it transpired that she regarded him as one to whom the empire would in future look for great things. She had followed his political career with interest; she always made a point of reading every line of his speeches. It was done so delicately that Mr. Grover failed to perceive the art of it, and, liking the valuation the girl set upon him, did everything in his power to confirm it. Monica fancied she could see an actual swelling of his proportions as he poured a recital of his doings into her eager ear.

After dinner he made his way to her with a pleasure evident in his face that set her blood dancing. She played while he gave forth something of Tosti's to the startled night, and then gold head and brown came close together in the singing of a duet. It was an exceedingly pleasant evening—one of the pleasantest Mr. Grover had ever spent, he assured Monica at parting, with a firm pressure of extended fingers—one of the pleasantest Monica had ever spent, she assured herself as she laid a slightly feverish cheek against her pillow.

They met often after this during the June weather. Every evening on which he could possibly tear himself away from the "house" found Mr. Grover at the pretty suburban villa, and he took Monica out a great deal—to the theaters, to Earl's Court, to Richmond and Kew—for long days on the river, where they drifted on with the tide, watching the green land laugh back to the golden sun, the blue sky reflected in the rippling water, looking sometimes into each other's eyes as they smiled and talked.

It was all like a lotus eater's dream to Monica Newman. If there was any cry in her heart in these days, it was that sensuous "let us alone." For it was summer, and, after all, she was young yet, and for her, with her passionate, clinging woman's heart, heaven had soon resolved itself into two hazel eyes that looked out of Mark Grover's face. He had not yet asked her for the love that fired her, but when have ever women like Monica Newman been wise and waited?

Helen Leyton shared her sister's happiness mingled with a degree of feminine elation.

"I told you so. I knew you would fall in love with Mark directly. He is well worth loving, isn't he, dear?"

A great light flooded the girl's face.

"Oh, I love him, Helen. I love him! I have only known him two short months and he has never spoken one word of affection to me; but, dear God, how I worship him! I can laugh now at my early romance with Harry Montague; it seems so poor beside this tense devotion of my womanhood. I wonder will you be shocked, my calm sister, when I tell you there are moments when I cannot stay near him lest the cry in my heart should escape my lips: 'I love you! I love you!' And time creeps over me—suppose he does not care for me in the least?"

"I cannot suppose it," Helen said. "He must care for you. He has told both Dick and me a hundred times you are the nicest girl he ever met and his attentions have been most decidedly pronounced."

"I know," Monica put in, "but still he has never said anything."

"It is early days yet," Mrs. Leyton went on cheerfully, "and I dare say he has given you an inkling of his intentions ere now."

Monica shook her head.

"You see, I am so stupid. I am not like other girls; I can never tell."

"Mr. Hartley is coming tonight," the elder woman said presently. "He has been out of town for some time and seems rather troubled over Mark Grover's constant visits. He told Dick he wished to see you alone this evening, as he had something to say to you. Can you guess what this means?"

"Yes," she answered absently. It was evident Mr. Hartley's intentions did not greatly concern her now.

"'I shall marry Mr. Hartley when he asks me,'" quoted Helen mischievously. "Eh, Monica, the world has changed since then."

"You know what I have to say to you, Miss Newman," Mr. Hartley said. "You must have known it for some months. To put it briefly—will you be Mrs. H——?"

He drew a deep breath of relief when the words were uttered and smiled rather affably upon his ladylove. She glanced back at him. Heat and excitement had caused his forehead and nose to shine more brightly than ever, and his short body, not innocent of a suggestion of stomach, was shaking. She eyed him up and down slowly from the bald crown to the stout shoes, wondering even then if his countenance could possibly become any more purple when the tight collar had done its deadly work, noticing the chameleon hued cravat, the closely buttoned frock coat and aggressive trousers with an almost imperceptible shiver. Mark Grover had stood in that very spot in the forenoon. What a difference! What a desecration!

The color rose to Monica's face.

"I am deeply honored by your preference, Mr. Hartley, but I regret"—

"You are going to refuse me, I know you are," he cried excitedly. "I will listen to no refusal. In all my life I have never failed to obtain anything upon which my heart was set. My heart is set on you, and I will take no denial. You are the first woman to whom I have offered marriage, and I decline to take no for an answer. I have been coming here now for many months. I wanted to make sure that you were the woman for me. You are the woman for me, and I insist."

"Insist?"

"Well, I don't mean that exactly, Miss Newman, not exactly that," he went on, a little frightened by the flash in her eyes. "But I am a plain, blunt man, and you know my way of putting things. Perhaps I have made this proposal too suddenly. Perhaps I should give you time to think."

She smiled at the notion, as if time would make any difference! But a chilling thought struck her, and she turned to him again.

"Yes, Mr. Hartley, you have surprised me somewhat. Give me time."

"Certainly, my dear. How long?"

"Give me a week."

It was quite a feat for him, but he managed to bend down and gracefully kiss the hand she extended.

"Until this day week, then, my dear."

How odiously familiar he had grown!

She almost smiled when she pictured his expression on receiving the answer she would give—the answer she hoped to give.

All that night she did not sleep. "If I only knew," she said as she paced the floor, wringing her hands. "If Mark would only speak. I think he loves me, but I am not sure. I can never tell. Oh, Mark, oh, my dear, my dear, surely you care just a little for the woman whose heart is breaking with longing for you! Surely you would love me if you knew how wholly my every thought belongs to you! There will never be any one who will love you better!

"Oh, I wish I could tell!" she went on, throwing out her arms impatiently. "Why cannot a woman put her fate to the test as a man can and know the best or worst? If I refuse Mr. Hartley, I have no surety that Mark will ask me, and I cannot live here all my life dependent upon Dick. I am quite at my wits' end."

The next day Mr. Grover came as usual, and they went out together. She was very pale, with a glitter in her eyes as of one who is determined to stake what is left. Her vigil during the hours of darkness would not go for naught.

"You are strangely silent today, Miss Newman," Grover said presently; "quite unlike your customary bright self."

"I have no great reason to be either bright or talkative," she said deliberately, watching him with those fever lighted eyes. "When one is about to sign one's death warrant, there is scant room for cheerfulness."

"Your own death warrant? I do not altogether follow you."

"No?" she said. "Well, Mr. Grover, I will explain. I am going to be married!"

Her devouring eyes never left his face. She would not miss one motion of a lip, a tremor of an eyelid. Would it be trumps? Mr. Grover did not attempt to conceal his surprise.

"You don't mean it!" he cried incredulously. "Are you really about to be married?"

She nodded briefly.

"Well, I am astonished," he proceeded quickly. "And who is the happy man—Mr. Hartley, of course?"

"Mr. Hartley," she said. The eager light had died out of her eyes and her face was almost gray. She had staked her one card and miscalculated the game.

"You don't seem very happy over it," Mark said, fixing his kindly orbs upon her.

Monica Newman burst into sobs loud and deep.

"Happy! Oh, my God, happy! I hate him!"

Mr. Grover was deeply concerned. He took to soothing her as one soothes a tired child.

"Hush, hush, dear Miss Newman—hush. If you hate him, what on earth induced you to accept him? And surely it is not yet too late to break off the engagement."

She wiped the tears aside and looked up at him once more.

"It is not too late," she said, "but what am I to do? Mr. Hartley offers me a home, and my marriage will relieve Mr. Leyton of a heavy incubus. What am I to do?"

"It is a difficult question to decide," he replied, the kind face growing very grave, "and it is not for me who am, after all, a comparative stranger, to bias your decision in any way. But I cannot help thinking you are too good for Mr. Hartley—much too good for him—and, if you will permit me to say it, I am sure a girl like you suffers from no lack of suitors. Why not wait until a better man comes along?"

Her hands met behind her back in a clasp that drew blood.

"Thank you, Mr. Grover, I will abide by my choice."

"Miss Newman is certainly acting very foolishly in this matter," Mr. Grover said to himself a few hours later, "but of course she knows her own business best. After all, I dare say she does not mind so very much. Girls always rant a bit about marrying men ten years older than themselves, but they have rarely any deep feeling one way or the other as long as there are good settlements. An awfully nice girl, Miss Newman, and a capital chum. I hope she will be happy."

"I can give you your answer sooner than I expected, Mr. Hartley," Monica said two evenings after. "I will marry you."

"My darling!" Mr. William Hartley took her rapturously in his arms and kissed her for the first time.

"I am afraid the draft here is too much for you," he remarked a minute later. "Let us go into the next room. You are as cold as a stone?"—London Sun.

Balfour and the Caddies.

Many stories have been told about Mr. Balfour and the caddies. On one occasion, when about to engage in a game, Mr. Balfour, recognizing in an opponent's caddie a former club bearer of his own, gave him a nod of recognition. Thereupon the caddie, with a satisfied smirk, turned to his neighbor and remarked, "Ye see hoo we Conservatives ken ane anither."

Mr. Balfour does not object to comments from a shrewd caddie, and he tells with great relish a story of one at Pau: An English player who knew no French, having made a fine shot, turned round to his French attendant for applause. The latter described the shot in the only English words which he had heard habitually associated with any remarkably successful stroke in the game. Looking full in his employer's face, and with his most winning and sympathetic smile, he uttered the words, "Beastly fluke!"—Woman at Home.

Copenhagen's Round Tower.

The Randetoarn of Copenhagen is a round tower, erected toward the end of the eleventh century, during the reign of Canute VI. It is 195 feet high and 65 feet in diameter. By means of a spiral gallery in the interior, on a gentle incline, the ascension may be made either on horseback or in a carriage.

LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

THE STEAMERS ARE CUPID'S PET HUNTING GOUNDS.

Opinions of Those Who Have Traveled Much on the Sea—Says Cupid Never Gets Seasick—The Theory of Selection In the Matter of Love Disproved.

The ocean has no terrors for the little winged god of love, for he plies his mischievous trade as vigorously afloat as ashore.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Langtry at the Hoffman House, on the eve of her departure for Europe recently, "Cupid never gets seasick."

The Lily then laughed and remarked how curious it was to be interviewed on the subject just as she was about to start on a sea voyage.

"Of course, I have made many trips," she continued, "and I have always observed that there is more spooning and sparking aboard a transatlantic liner, all things considered, in a week than one could possibly see in a month on shore.

"The ocean, I have therefore come to conclude, must be the little mischief maker's particular delight."

"What reason do you ascribe it to?"

"Well, to begin with," she replied, "one leaves dull care behind when one steps on board a steamer. Thus one's mind gets into a condition for the lighter things of life, and you feel not only at peace with all mankind, always considering, of course, that you are not in the grasp of that monster, mal de mer, but almost in love with everybody about you who is at all nice."

"Do you recall any instance in prominent life where the love affair that led to marriage began on shipboard?"

"Many, but do not ask me to tell you their names. That would be personal, you know."

Professor Jaime Ramirez, president of the Spanish-American club, who has made many trips between his native Spain and his adopted America as well as between many other countries, said that the question awakened a myriad of recollections of Cupid's activity on the briny deep.

"Oh, yes. I have often wondered why people should be so susceptible to love on the ocean," he said. "It must be because there they see nature in her grandest and most awful aspect, and therefore more readily become subject to her benign influence on the finer feelings. Sentiment is stirred up as perhaps under no other circumstances, and a reveling in high, holy and poetic thoughts follows that lays the individual, if he or she is properly constituted, open to the promptings of the heart, where love has its seat."

The professor then drew a comparison between travel on land and water, continuing as follows:

"On the sea the air is fresh and pure. The effect is both purifying and refreshing, therefore exhilarating. It is only a step from exhilaration to love."

Another great traveler also grew philosophic when the question was propounded to him.

"About five years ago," he said, "I left Sydney for London on the steamship Orient, of the line of the same name.

"The voyage occupied six weeks, but it passed so pleasantly that when it was over it appeared as if it had been only six days.

"Our route first lay through the Indian ocean, and more and more romantic seemed each mile we traversed through those laughing, leaping, phosphorescent, tropical waters. Concerts on deck, card parties and games of all sorts helped us to while away the time. There was enough spooning behind the skylights and spars every night, and all day for that matter, of those six weeks to drive Cupid crazy with joy. Before the voyage was over six engagements of people who had never met before had been announced and celebrated. It was the most fateful voyage in this respect that I have ever had.

"On board a steamer people are thrown constantly together. They see each other under a multiplicity of circumstances, and therefore come to learn each other's various peculiarities and points. But their view points or focus is naturally contracted. If this or that young lady is beautiful, she seems to be still more beautiful than she really is. If at all nice, she will appear still nicer, and the longer the voyage the more enraptured you become. When you land, and your opportunities for wider observation unfold themselves, you are very apt to be disenchanted, for then you realize that your vision before was of necessity distorted. It is a glorious delusion while it lasts, however."

"Would not the same be true," the reporter asked, "if people happen to be thrown together in a small place on land?"

"Yes—that is, if their surroundings have anything romantic about them, and, above all else, are unusual. In other words, they must be away from familiar haunts, sights and customs."

"That would disprove the theory of selection in the matter of love," the reporter ventured.

"Of course," was the reply, "it is nice to think there is somebody waiting somewhere for you to love and by whom to be loved; but, as a fact, no one ever goes in search of that mythical person. Let young people be thrown constantly together and before they know it—that is, without exercising their fabled prerogative of selection—they will be in love with each other. Why, young men and maidens, old men and women, for that matter, are constantly marrying people as far from the ideals they have been known to describe as day is from night or peace from war and being happy forever after. It can be explained on no other theory than the one I advance."—New York Journal.

The Pacific coast woman's congress passed a woman suffrage resolution without a dissenting vote.

ONE CAT WORTH $12,500.

Did You Ever See a Pure Tortoise Shell Tom?—Cats That Look Like Bulldogs.

It is estimated that there are 360,000 cats in England and 69 varieties. With the greater number of these varieties the average reader is probably quite unfamiliar.

Tortoise shell and white toms are very common, says an English writer, but a pure tortoise shell tom is so extremely scarce that many people declare that they exist only in the imagination.

Any one who happens to possess a female red tabby without any white spots could obtain a price which would keep him in comfort for at least a couple of years without work. Female red tabbies are as rare as tortoise shell toms.

The taste in Persian cats just now runs on the deep blue with orange colored eyes. Edward Lloyd, the tenor, had one for which he repeatedly refused $150. The bright slate or blue is a favorite variety of the Persian, the price sometimes going as high as $125.

White cats of really herculean proportions readily fetch $500. The Marquis of Dufferin is extremely partial to white cats, upward of a dozen of these splendid creatures being comfortably domiciled at the British embassy in Paris.

Russian cats fetch high prices. The Duchess of Bedford owns several of a species extremely rare—a very curious tint of blue. Russian white cats are also highly prized, but the white variety is seldom long haired.

Mr. Sam Woodiwiss is the owner of a smooth haired tom, Xenophon, of such gigantic proportions that when the writer, after an introduction, induced the cat to approach by calling in seductive accents, he experienced a feeling akin to dismay as the mammoth jumped on his knee, which in the course of a few moments began to exhibit unmistakable signs of fatigue, and no wonder—for 25 pounds is a fair weight. Xenophon is valued by its owner at $12,500.

Lady de Trafford has cats of such remarkable ugliness that the writer for a moment took them for a hairy sort of bulldog.

The value of cats is much enhanced if they possess the black markings on the chest known as the "Lord Mayor's chain." The writer has seen a cat of this sort for which the owner would not take $2,500.

Some cats are actually vegetarians, and a curious variety from Burma will only drink water.

FEARLESS OF DANGER.

How One of the Du Ponts Died In a Powder Mill Explosion.

Thus far no Du Pont of the famous gunpowder making family of Delaware has ever been false to the family law of bravery, while more than one has given his life in obeying it. One Saturday evening in the summer of 1857 Alexis I. Du Pont, son of Eleuthere, was in one of the mixing rooms with some of his men, trying to shift a heavy yellow pine box. As they slid the box along the floor, the friction caused a spark to strike, and instantly the room was ablaze. Fortunately most of the gunpowder had been taken out, it being the end of the week, but the walls and floor were sufficiently sprinkled with it to cause a sharp puff, which set the men's clothes on fire. Alexis, realizing the danger instantly, and being himself in flames, called to the men to follow him, and running out of the building threw himself into the mill race. The others did likewise, and thus, for the moment, all were safe. But Alexis, turning toward the mills as he swam, saw that sparks from the burning mixing room were falling in showers on the roof of the press and cutting mill, which contained, as he knew, several tons of powder. In spite of the appeals of the men, he rushed back to the point of danger, calling out as he ran, "Now, boys, pass me buckets of water."

Then he climbed fearlessly upon the roof, which was now nearly burned through—for in those days the roofs were made of pitch and cement—and began fighting the flames as best he could. Inspired by his courage, the workmen rallied with a will at the bucket line, but before they had got fairly started the explosion came, blowing Alexis Du Pont with fearful force against one of the drying stands, crushing his ribs into his lungs, and injuring him so that he died in great agony a few hours later.—Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine.

Puff Balls Good to Eat.

Probably you have all noticed the little white puff balls in spring and "shot off" the same in autumn, when they are dry and full of dark powder. This is one of our choicest eatable mushrooms. One admirer says he cut a slice from a giant puff ball, which grew near his home, every day for a week and had so many fresh fritters, whereas, if he had cut it all down the first day, it would not have made nearly so many meals. One giant puff ball, when young and creamy, if well cooked, will satisfy the appetites of 12 people. In olden times slices of this mushroom were used to bind up cuts and were said to insure their speedy healing. In the days of flint and steel, before matches were invented, the powder of the dried puff balls was often used to catch and hold the sparks. Another strange use to which it was put was to burn it before a beehive. The fumes made the bees drowsy, and the honey could be removed without difficulty.—Margaret W. Leighton in St. Nicholas.

The Bicycle Demand.

It is doubtful if such a condition of affairs as exists at present in the bicycle business has ever before been witnessed by our naturally wide awake dealers. Scarcely a leading manufacturer of wheels but has found his sales—through agents greater in number than he ever supposed it was within his ability to gather—so far surpass his most sanguine expectations that he is today unable to supply to any appreciable extent the constant, steady and increasing demand for high grade wheels apparent on every hand.—Hardware.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JULY 6, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Trilby."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The New South."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Merry World."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Baba."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE PASSING OF AGITATION.

The controversy between the Chicago *Tribune* and the editor of THE CITIZEN in regard to the Anglo-Irish question, has attracted wide attention. We print elsewhere a letter from an able correspondent entitled "Possibilities," which will be read with interest. Even Irishmen of what is called "moderate views," who have hitherto had a sort of fatuous belief in Gladstone and the Whigs begin to perceive that the English cat has been playing with the Irish mouse in the same good old fashion. Since the fall of the Rosebery cabinet, there has been talk in the London clubs and elsewhere of Gladstone emerging from his retirement and again taking the lead in British politics with Home Rule as the battle cry. This is mere nonsense. Gladstone is in his 86th year, and, were he a Samson, could haldly be expected at that great age to lead what must of necessity be a forlorn hope. He was, in his day, a man of genius, but, as a politician, shifty in his methods and apt to sacrifice principle to expediency. Had he been a really great man, he would have taken up the fight on the lords, instead of retiring on a pretext of blindness, and not left it in the weakling hands of Rosebery, himself a member of the aristocratic and land-owning tribe.

Ireland owes nothing to Mr. Gladstone. This may seem strange to some eyes, accustomed to reading his praises in overgushing Irish "national" prints. He was absolutely forced into every concession he ever made to her. Parnell, the only man of real genius who has led the Irish people since O'Connell died, knew Gladstone's character and became his master. Gladstone was alarmed more for the safety of the empire than influenced by motives of justice to Ireland. His first concessions followed extraordinarily vigorous Irish demonstrations in England and he did not hesitate to acknowledge the fact. The Established Church fell in response to the Manchester rescue.

Butt and Shaw made no impression on Gladstone's subtle mind. He knew he was their political and intellectual superior; but when Parnell appeared on the scene of action, seconded by the relentless Joe Biggar, he felt he had met a style of opponent that could not be overcome by his "exuberant verbosity." Gladstone detested, while doubtless he admired, Parnell. He sent Buckshot Forster as secretary to Ireland for the purpose of breaking up the Land League organization. Parnell, Davitt, Dillon, Sexton and nearly all the Irish leaders of that time were arrested and thrown into Kilmainham jail. Over a thousand of the sub-leaders shared their fate. Then, suddenly, Gladstone discovered that Ireland could not be crushed by such means. Forster was recalled, the prisons were thrown open, and Lord Frederick Cavendish was sent over as a peacemaker. His sad fate is only too well known. Gladstone knew Ireland was not responsible for that bloody deed, but he bowed to English prejudice, and the chains were replaced on her limbs.

Then came the passage of the enlarged franchise act, which, for the first time, gave Ireland a working national majory in parliament. Even then Gladstone did not give way to the demand for home rule, until Parnell coquetted with the Tories. Earl Carnarvon offered a settlement. The Irish in England revolted against the Whigs, and the Tories, by Irish votes, came into power. Then, and not till then, did Gladstone admit that home rule had come within the scope of "practical politics." A new crisis arose. The Tories, who denied their pledges, were defeated, and in April, 1886, the first home rule bill was introduced in the house of commons. This may be called the culmination of Parnell's career as a political leader—a career for brevity and brilliancy unexampled in Anglo-Irish politics. Then followed the defection of Hartington, Chamberlain, Goschen, et.al., and the defeat of the first, and best, home rule bill.

What followed everybody knows. Parnell become inert, possibly through disappointment, and was caught in British birdlime. He relaxed somewhat his stringent policy of independence, and allowed Gladstone to pose as a sort of English patron of Irish legislative autonomy. Then came the discovery of Parnell's social weakness, the denunciation by Gladstone, the desertion by the rabble rout of Irish members, with only a few honorable exceptions, and the tragedy which will ever be a stain on Ireland's escutcheon. The second, or emasculated, home rule bill was passed through the house of commons, to save Gladstone's political credit, and there ended its progress, because the house of lords proved to be the veritable British Lion in its path. The Whigs never expected, or intended, that bill to become a law. Since that time Rosebery broke every pledge made jointly by Gladstone and himself, and, on a mere scratch vote, allowed the Tories to return to power.

Under these circumstances, it seems to us illimitable cheek for the Irish Federationists, the McCarthyites, the Redmondites, or any other organization devoted to parliamentary agitation, to appeal to Irish-American citizens for more money to pour into the British rat hole. For our own part, we will not give a single cent for such a purpose, nor will we urge others to do so.

THE FLAG FOOLS AND THE FRENCH.

The Flag Fools of the United States are doing the country, if not themselves, great harm by their silly display of bunting bigotry, manifested on all possible occasions. Their latest outbreak of lunacy was at Los Angeles, Cal., where the spirited French residents refused to participate in the Fourth of July parade, because the French flag was barred out, as an emblem. The subjoined paragraphs from the French letter of remonstrance to the chairman of the celebration explains the position of the sentimental Gauls:

"The thousands of French soldiers who laid down their lives and shed their blood so that America would be free would turn in their graves in seeing their degenerate sons countenancing by their presence the repudiation of this noble standard.

"We would say still more, that, as true and loyal American citizens, ready at any time to stand by the oath of allegiance that we have taken to America, and to shed our blood in the defense of Old Glory, we feel that our sentiments, as expressed herein, would be upheld by the father of our country, George Washington, and his soldiers of illustrious fame, if they were alive; and we honestly believe that we also reflect the sentiments of every true American who feels in his veins the blood of the heroes of the revolutionary war.

"In France every year, on the 4th and 14th of July, the 40,000 Americans that are there carry triumphantly the American flag through the streets side by side with the French tri-color. The two flags, united by an everlasting friendship, are hailed and acclaimed with delight everywhere, just as it should be. Why the French flag should, without any reason whatever, be considered a rebellious emblem and treated with humiliation and disdain here, when the American flag is so respected and honored in France, is something beyond our comprehension."

It is equally true that the American flag is permitted to fly, or be carried, in every foreign country where there is an American colony. We know of no exception—not even in the case of Great Britain. In Ireland it has been carried, and honored, in processions for more than a generation, although the display of Irish flags in this country gives offense to the cowardly class of curs who are only patriotic to the extent of hating their physical, intellectual and moral superiors. In the case of such creatures, the flag in which they wrap themselves becomes the shroud of moral cadavers Most of them are Arnolds without the opportunity of their prototype. The best Americans that live in this country today are the men who were born on foreign soil—if we may except the nucleus of the A.P.A. from Canada and from Orange Ulster. These are reinforced by the "natives" of what may be called immediate British descent, in whom the virus of race and religious rancor is still too powerful to be overcome by their American birth and education. Very few of the pre-revolutionary families—the good old Yankee stock—are afflicted with the degrading vice of bigotry.

The reply of the Los Angeles Fourth of July chairman to the French protest is very diplomatic, and very polished. Of course it is insincere—in other words too sweet to be wholesome. It is signed by Gilbert E. Overton, and the most significant portion of it reads thus:

"We desire to fully impress upon you and the members of the Legion Francaise that we yield to none in our full appreciation of your country, and in requesting that no flag except the United States flag be displayed on the parade of July 4, we have been governed by considerations that have been imperative. There has been no desire to exclude your flag particularly, but we believe you will realize that, should we admit the flag of any one foreign nation, we could not consistently exclude the flags of other nations, and that hence the purely national character of the celebration would be greatly impaired if not totally destroyed.

"We fully realize that the claims of France to the gratitude of the United States are exceedingly strong; but you will bear in mind that during our late great rebellion we received much aid and comfort from Russia, and it might be claimed by that country that its flag also should appear. Then, again, there are other nations to which we are more or less indebted sentimentally, and it would be extremely difficult if not impossible for us to determine exactly where to draw a correct line in the matter of the admission or exclusion of their flags."

Yes, for example, it would be quite embarrassing to admit the Irish flag, which was not unknown upon the battlefields of American glory, to a place in the parade. We understand all this dirty, tricky, peddling chicanery. THE CITIZEN venerates the American flag, but it despises many of the animated carcasses—if the paradox is permissible—it covers. They stink even before they die.

We may be allowed to add, by way of historical reminiscence, a fact which seems to have escaped both the French and American committees in Los Angeles. The French flag that flew above the war-ships of De Grasse and the battalions of Rochambeau was the white one with the golden lilies—the ensign of the House of Bourbon. The French flag of today is the Tricolor of the Revolution—"the rainbow of the skies" that illuminated the carnage of Fleurus and Hohenlinden; of Marengo and Austerlitz; of Friedland and Wagram.

THE DEMOLISHED PARLIAMENTARIANS.

The Rev. D. S. Phelan, in his able and caustic *Western Watchman*, laments what he truly calls the "Wreck of Home Rule," and administers severe and, as we think, deserved castigation to the members of the Irish parliamentary party. Among other things Father Phelan says:

"We have only the Irish members of parliament to blame for the defeat of Home Rule. They were elected by Parnell originally. He wanted men who would do his bidding blindly, and it was not to be supposed that he sought strong characters. The fact is, the Irish representation was as pliant as wax in the hands of the gentleman from Wicklow. They never knew that they had souls of their own until the great leader's mighty blunder forced them to stand up for decency and they found that they had the sympathy of the clergy with them in their rebellion. From the time of Parnell's fall to this hour, the Irish parliamentary party have been a lot of corrupt imbeciles, who loved Ireland for the gold she could get them from America and loved the Liberal party of England for the offices it could bestow upon their relatives. If the secret history of Parnell's success could be written, it would show a lot of worthless time-servers, as full of treason as the men who voted away their country's liberties in the days of our fathers. Patriotism is a clean virtue. These Irish members in Westminster have not been clean. With few exceptions they have been dissolute beyond what was possible in their native land. Taken from the plow or the counter they saw themselves suddenly elevated to the position and income of gentlemen, and in a corrupt capital, like London, they lost their bearings and strayed from duty to church and country. It would be a very happy thing for Ireland if she could elect a brand new delegation to parliament. The men she would dismiss from her service would never return to Irish soil. England is now a good-enough country for them."

The history of Irish membership in the London parliament is replete with just such awful examples. "O'Connell's tail" of the period following emancipation, at the time of his first alliance with the Whigs, furnished cases in point. So also with many of those who continued in the British parliament from 1844, when the Repeal tide began to ebb, down to 1848. The history of the Brass Band of 1852 is only too familiar, besmirched as it is with the perjuries of Keogh and the robberies of Sadlier. Both died by their own act. Sadlier had the grace to kill himself after betraying his country and plundering his countrymen. Keogh lived to be a judge—a sort of small Norbery, who steeped his hands in the blood of the people he swore to serve—before the insanity produced by crime and debauchery led him to hurry unbidden into the presence of an offended maker. If any Irishman who goes to London as a member of parliament escapes contamination, he must be a giant of intellectual and moral power. Shiel confessed himself fascinated by his London surroundings. In comparison Ireland appeared to him insignificant. He—one of the most brilliant orators the world has known—died a Whig place holder. O'Connell never cared enough for London society to become demoralized by it, but the constant fierce glare of English wealth and power in the capital gave him, perhaps, too mean an opinion of Irish resources, and rendered him more timid in the crisis of 1843 than he would have been otherwise. The O'Donoghue was Ireland's national idol thirty-five years ago. He was swallowed up in the whirlpool of London extravagance and lost both his spirit and his standing as an Irish leader. He died with the reputation of a political renegade.

So, after all, it is not the poor fellows alone who have been ruined by London. The place for Irish representatives is in Ireland, where none of the spoils of Empire can tempt their tastes or overthrow their virtue. It is as ridiculous to look for true Irish patriotism in the English house of commons as to look for female virtue in a maison de joie.

ROME AND THE METHODISTS.

It has been the habit among uninformed Porotestants to charge the Pope and cardinals of the Roman Catholic church with restricting liberty of conscience in Catholic countries, and more particularly in certain small South American republics. As the Catholic church, in Poland, Ireland and some other countries of Europe, has herself felt the lash of persecution, and complained bitterly of such barbaric treatment, it did not seem logical to the mind of the Rev. John Lee, a Methodist clergyman of this city, that the Pope and the Sacred College should discriminate against Protestants in the other American continent. Accordingly, he wrote a letter on the subject to Archbishop Ireland, but received no reply. Then he addressed Mgr. Satolli, who replied that the recent encyclical of the Pope on religious liberty was a fitting answer to Mr. Lee's communication. Not satisfied with this, the minister sent two registered letters to Pope Leo, but no notice whatever was taken of them. Animated by a true spirit of Chicago perseverance he, as a last resort, sent a registered letter, on the 20th of last May, to Cardinal Gibbons at Rome. His Eminence, with his customary courtliness, immediately attended to the matter, as the following letter will explain:

"ROME, June 14.—*Rev. John Lee, Dear Sir:* In reply to your favor of the 20th ult., I beg to say that some days ago I referred the matter of the disabilities of Protestants in Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia to the cardinal secretary of state. His eminence now writes as follows: 'The letter written to your eminence by Mr. Lee, of Chicago, has reference to a state of things solely dependent upon the civil laws in force in the republics of Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia. Nevertheless, as your eminence has been pleased to communicate to me the said letter, I have written to the apostolic delegate in the above named republics to obtain precise information concerning the laws which affect the condition of Protestants there as regards both the exercise of their religion and the celebration of marriages. In communicating this to your eminence and taking it upon myself to call the attention of the Holy See to the information which the aforesaid delegates will send, I am, etc.'

"In availing myself of the opportunity to tender you my best wishes for your welfare, I am, dear sir, yours sincerely in Christ,

J. CARDINAL GIBBONS."

This letter was read by Mr. Lee to the assembled Methodist ministers on board the whaleback, Christopher Columbus, on Monday, and gave universal satisfaction. Bigotry is hateful in all countries, but particularly in nations that are nominally Catholic. There is nothing in the spirit or teaching of the Catholic church that encourages proscription or persecution, but, very often, in countries whose inhabitants not many generations ago were idol worshipping savages, the factors of the civil power appeal to the half removed prejudices of the people for political purposes—just as here, in the United States, we find political Protestants fanning the flames of hatred against their Catholic fellow-citizens for the self same reason.

Mr. Lee deserves praise for his manly perseverance in this matter, and we hope the action taken by the cardinal secretary of the Holy See will have the good effect of abolishing odious religious restrictions in the countries indicated.

THE PRIVILEGED ENGLISHMAN.

Recently at Topeka, Kans., George B. Gallon, an Englishman, got into an argument with some Americans, his fellow employes in the Receiver's office of the Santa Fe road, about the respective merits, or demerits, of England and America. The quarrel grew fierce, and, finally, rage got the better of the Saxon man's prudence, and he made use of a great many severe and unnecessary observations about the American government, the old soldiers and the flag. The Society of the Sons of Veterans came to hear of the matter, investigated it, and found the statement embodied as above perfectly correct. Then they got angry and passed a series of whereases and resolutions, some of which are well worth reproduction, as follows:

"WHEREAS, We are reliably informed that one George B. Gallon, an employe of the receivers of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. Co., has recently taken occasion to publicly express his views cancerning the flag of the United States of America and the organization of veteran soldiers known as the Grand Army of the Republic; to-wit: that the said flag was a d—— dirty rag; that the confederate flag was the best flag this nation ever had; that the union soldier was a vagrant, etc., etc.; and

"WHEREAS, We are further informed that the said individual is a subject of the British crown and has openly and publicly asserted that he 'will never take out naturalization papers in this d—— country,' therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That while we believe the gates of the nation should swing inward and cordially welcome all to enter who will add to the prosperity, intelligence and patriotism of our country; yet our soil and our institutions are sacred in the hearts of all loyal Americans, and the foreigner within our shores must exhibit a proper respect for our national emblem while under its protecting folds; therefore

"*Resolved*, That the individual who will insult the patriotic sentiments of this community and take advantage of the privileges and freedom granted in this land to air his polluted views of a banner that has heretofore on conspicuous occasions waved in triumph over his boasted ancestry, should be required to remove his contaminating carcass from the association of loyal and law-abiding citizens, and from the sight of that glorious old banner which he so boldly and defiantly defames; and

"*Resolved*, That in his unwarranted and vicious attack on that honored and patriotic body of Americans, the Grand Army of the Republic, he displays his low born prejudice and passion and incurs the unceasing enmity of all true Sons of Veterans. That we will resist to our uttermost the slanders against our beloved parent organization, and that as our fathers so gallantly preserved our nation's integrity and scorched the viper of treason in '61, we will array ourselves in violent opposition to its appearance in any form; that we believe all true Americans and honorable foreigners will respect "Old Glory" while under its jurisdiction—*others must.* And be it further

"*Resolved*, That we earnestly pray the receivers of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. Co. to investigate the above charges against the said Geoge B. Gallon, and if found to be true that he immediately be requested to make room for some loyal citizen, and to remove himself to surroundings more consistent with his perverted braying."

Notwithstanding the vigor of the Sons of Veterans' protest, Receiver J. C. Wilson rather pooh-poohed the matter when it was brought to his attention, and said it was a personal quarrel between Gallon and another clerk. He ventured to say that his fellow receiver, Judge Caldwell, was of the same opinion. We are not of the nature that would advocate a man's dismissal for uttering a few warm words in a personal controversy, but we venture to observe that if Mr. Gallon were an Irishman, and especially a Catholic Irishman, some severe notice would have been, very properly, taken of his misconduct. The Englishman in America is a privileged character, because so many so-called Americans, who are forever sneering at foreigners, would like to be Englishmen themselves, if they could. They have no more spirit of nationality in them than so many steers; and abuse of the American flag and American institutions would never stir their indignation to the pitch that abuse of the British flag and British institutions would. This may explain Mr. Gallon's escape from official decapitation.

PREMIUM NOTICE.

The majority of our subscribers have been billed within the last few weeks. It is to their advantage to remit at once, and receive as a premium, a handsome map of Ireland absolutely free of charge. This offer is open to all alike. The homes of many of our subscribers are without such a map, and THE CITIZEN gives its readers an opportunity to have them remain so no longer. Remember this offer holds good only for thirty days.

POSSIBILITIES.

We publish with pleasure the following able and interesting letter from a correspondent particularly learned in the matter of foreign politics and intrigues:

[*To the Editor.*]

"I notice that in his spirited reply to the Chicago *Tribune* Mr. Finerty disclaims, on the part of Irishmen, the intention of going into a war for independence single handed, but expresses the conviction that events may conspire to favor Ireland's aspirations as they did Roumania's and Italy's.

"I think there are good grounds for expecting a fortunate arrangement of circumstances at no distant day. England has pushed her frontier in the Pamirs until it is coterminous with Russia. The latter in Bukhara is so close to Cabul that the British queen has to take to her bosom the filthy son of the Ameer in order to hold him by favors to his allegiance. It is through Afghanistan that India will be attacked, and a border war involving England and Russia may break out any day.

"France feels very sore about losing her hold on Egypt. It was her own fault. History is crowded with the inexplicable blunders of French foreign policy. France is great and successful in her home policy, but has been many times on the verge of ruin through her unwisdom in foreign affairs. Having lost Egypt she is worrying and fretting about it, and keeps up an irritating opposition to England's control of the Nile valley. Not long ago Cecil Rhodes came to England with a grand scheme: to connect Cape Colony with Alexandria, and make British territory continuous throughout. France is not unlikely to get up a war in trying to thwart this scheme. Instead of taking West Africa and giving up claim to East Africa, she acts in such a way as to create unfriendliness and lead to strife. Germany's policy is to foment hostilities about Egypt, for a great war would weaken both France and England. So that there is a chance for such a war.

"The Japanese war with China may lead to a war between the Western nations. Russia is seemingly about to reap all the advantages of Japan's prowess. It is quite possible that Port Arthur may become the terminus of her Siberian railroad. This would give Russia such a control over China that other nations would try to dismember the flowery empire. Russia would naturally resent this as an attack upon her protege, and out of these conflicting interests a war involving England may come.

"Another point at which British interests are threatened is Norway. Russia favors Norway's autonomy on the condition of receiving a port on the North sea. If Norway were in alliance with Russia, her navy, her sailors, and her ports would be invaluable. England's policy has been to keep Russia shut out from the ocean. She is closed up in the Baltic and Black seas, and excluded from the Indian ocean. With Norway's help Russia would get coast free, and then Russia would be only a few miles from the east coast of Scotland and England. Germany will stand by Sweden, but will not go to war to prevent Russia and Norway uniting. But English statesmen know that Russia in Norway would be more dangerous than France in Belgium.

"It is possible that German interests may soon conflict with England's in Africa. Germany has annexed Damaraland on the west coast, a region England greatly desired. Germany has planted herself at Zanzibar on the east coast, commanding the best port leading to the great lakes, and lying athwart provinces that England had marked for her own. The Germans are taking a great interest now in the Transvaal Republic that whipped England some fourteen years ago. Many German settlers are locating in the Transvaal, and offset the British squatters in the gold fields. England has used all her arts to shut off the South African Republic from the sea. With this view England has stolen Switzerland and the Tonga coast that were by treaty to belong to the Boers. The German government is interesting itself in the case of an allied people, for many of these Afrikanders are as much German in origin as Dutch. Furthermore the queen of Holland will be marriageable in four of five years, and her most obvious suitor is the Crown Prince of Germany. Emperor William will not let England thwart him in his design regarding this politic match, which would unite Holland and Germany for many generations, as England and Hanover were united, and which would give to the combined kingdoms of Holland and Prussia a vast colonial empire that is too much for Holland alone to manage. The Dutch East Indies would be a grand prize, but Dutch South Africa would be grander. The Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and even the Cape of Good Hope, might be reclaimed for Holland through this alliance. Holland might become a state of the German Empire like Bavaria. And out of this union a conflict with England is very likely to arise.

"Coming nearer home I may say that the time will come when the destinies of the United States will be guided by other than lickspittle and craven lawyers, and that the spirit of Blaine will animate some true American statesman in the near future. The building up of a menacing state on our northern border will not be allowed to proceed uninterruptedly. The violation of American policy expressed in the Monroe doctrine will termigate in Venezuela and Central America. England has a design to seize Nicaragua in case the canal is ever built, and if we have a president like Cleveland she would have little trouble in effecting her object. It is said that she hopes to acquire Cuba from Spain when Spain has had enough of the revolution. England would take Cuba off her hands for a compensation elsewhere. With Jamaica, Porto Rico, Cuba and many other West Indian islands, England would be impregnable, and it is she and not we who would dominate Central and South America. Even the United States may come in conflict with England within a few years, and then, Mr. Editor, Ireland might come by her own." W.

AMONG the more recent indorsers of the New Movement are the United Irish societies of Omaha and South Omaha and the Emmet Club of Fall River, Mass.

AS WE go to press, we learn of the death of the Hon. John Meyer, speaker of the Illinois house of representatives. He was born in Holland in 1852, and came to America in 1864. He was admitted to the bar in 1879, and became a member of the legislature in 1884, and held his seat up to the time of his death.

Lake Excursions.

The great whaleback steamship Christopher Columbus, leaves at 9 o'clock every morning from Rust street bridge, for Milwaukee, and starts on its return trip from that city at 5 p.m. The accommodations on this boat cannot be excelled. The trip is invigorating and pleasant.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

1776—July 4—1895.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Ring, "Liberty Bell!" let proud freedom's strain
Be heard o'er the land with its glad refrain,
Ring! as you rang on the glorious day
When the men of the colonies stood at bay
'Gainst the martial hosts of a tyrant king;
Ring bells of freedom! for freedom ring!

Ring loud and high as in days of yore
When your sounds were heard on the mount and shore—
In the city streets—in the busy town—
'Gainst the Tory's hatred—the tyrant's frown—
When congress voted with royal glee,
That the colonies all "of right were free."

From spire and turret—from dome and tow'r—
Bells of the free chime the natal hour
Of a land of glory and pride and wonder
Born in the storm and the battle's thunder,
Where freedom's flag that morn unfurl'd
Now sheds its glory round the world.

Flash guns of freedom that wildly roared
As your iron missiles were proudly pour'd
On the tyrant's ranks—yes! flash again
Loud as of yore o'er the land and main
When the wide world list'ning heard the gun
First fired by the free at Lexington.

Raise the loud chorus on fair freedom's ground,
Let the freeman's voice o'er the land resound,
Loud as the shot on that joyous morn
When the chain was cleft and a nation born.
And the despot heard o'er the bounding sea
The cheers that proclaimed a people free.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Let Unity and Victory be the Watchwords.

[*To the Editor.*]

"Though the Saxon snake unfold
At thy feet his scales of gold
And vow thee love untold
Trust him not green land."

This warning now appeals as forcibly to Irishmen as when it emanated from the pen of D'Alton Williams. After a quarter of a century of doubt and expectancy we are again confronting the common enemy. Parnell's courage attracted the Irish race temporarily to his standard, but since his death England's treacherous promises and blandishments have accomplished their odious purposes. The betrayers of Parnell are now an impotent, reckless, shameless gang whose main pastime consists in creating internecine strife. First they truckled to Gladstone, then to Rosebery, neglected the hapless political prisoners, and then to further emphasize their political depravity begged recognition for contemptible shoneens who aspired to the ignoble dignity of despensing English "law" in petty courts.

It is well, then, that men of light and leading among the "Old Guard" are contemplating the creation of a new movement. I would say at the outset that a grand appeal for support should be made with confidence and enthusiasm to the whole Irish race. Meantime it would be useless to appeal to those who expect a remedy for Ireland's ills through the medium of Anglo-Irish legislation.

An appeal made to the Irish race to rally under the idolized flag that was raised by Wolf Tone a century ago should meet with a response the intensity of which will create an invincible revolutionary movement. A calmness on the Irish political horizon invariably precedes a storm and some who have believed recently that the name of Irish freedom was a phantom will be electrified again with the enchanting strains of the music of liberty.

But the Federationists tell us that the highest conception of freedom entertained by our people in Ireland is the establishment of a sham parliament in Dublin. True, the Federationists have the support of a few hundred thousand voters. But this small number of people must not be allowed to barter the national right of a historic land. There is something mysterious and hypocritical about politics in Ireland now. Apparently all is fair sailing for the Federationists, but underneath this serenity is an undercurrent that will be heard from later on. The people are led ostensibly by the clergy, whose only desire is educational favors, and who would become hysterical at the thought of an Irish republic. Not a word they utter about protecting Ireland's industrial enterprises from rapacious English competition, nor about developing the country's natural resources—in a word, they do not aim to make Ireland a nation in name or in fact.

It is inspiring to know that the voice of real Irish patriotism is to be heard again 'round the world. This time there must be no compromise nor surrender, and if some from whom assistance might be expected do not respond, let true men advance. England's enemies are multiplying rapidly, and if 200,000 Irishmen are prepared to menace and strike at her in every vulnerable point, she must choose between loss of military prestige and the withdrawal of her mercenaries from Ireland. The voices of the patriots who hurled contempt and defiance at England from the prison, dock and scaffold appeal to us pathetically now.

The leaders of the proposed new movement should be men of courage and ability. Those joining it for the sake of notoriety or personal aggrandizement should be ostracised like lepers. Tone, Fitzgerald, Emmet, Orr, Mitchel and Stephens showed us the right road to freedom. Those who believe that that road is beset with too much danger can continue their infamous begging performances. Devin Reilly said in '48 that some of his countrymen if sent muskets from heaven would want angels to pull the triggers, and we have their prototypes today in the Federationists.

Let unity and victory be the watchwords of the New Movement. All jealousies and bickerings should be forgotten. All who are true to the teachings of Ireland's patriot martyrs and confessors should unite for a formidable onslaught on the hated enemy.

JAMES W. MOORE.

Chicago, June 24.

Peoria Pledges Support.

At a regular meeting of the Robert Emmet Club of Peoria, June 20, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, A convention of Irish-American citizen has been proposed for the purpose of organizing a new movement for Irish independence by means outside of parliamentary agitation; and

WHEREAS, We consider that parliamentary agitation is demoralizing to the Irish people and destructive to Irish nationhood; therefor be it

Resolved, That we approve of the proposed convention and the inauguration of a new Irish movement on lines outside of parliamentary agitation and pledge our moral and financial aid to whatever policy the convention may adopt; and be it further

Resolved, That we hereby request the co-operation of all Irishmen who desire the complete emancipation of motherland from British rule and of all societies and organizations whether beneficial, social, literary, patriotic, military, temperance, athletic or otherwise.

Committee on resolutions: John Fitzgerald, John Downs, Thomas Bulger.

Bostonese Believe in Fighting.

At a regular meeting of the Emmet Guards of Boston, Mass, held at Union Park Hall, 1371 Washington street, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The convention to be called (in the near future) of the Irish race in America, to adopt some method besides parliamentary agitation, receives our hearty sympathy and endorsement; and

WHEREAS, We believe the time has arrived when some bold stand should be taken, in upholding the principles of Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet and others, namely the complete independence of Ireland: and

WHEREAS, We consider that Ireland can never gain her freedom otherwise than by fighting for it; be it

Resolved, That we pledge our moral and financial aid to help the movement, and will do our utmost to make the emerald isle a Nation, great, glorious and free.

Committee on resolutions: William A. Ryan, John R. Collins, T. H. O'Neill.

Pledge Their Support.

The following resolutions were adopted by Division No. 2 A. O. H., of St. Louis county, Mo., Thursday, June 20, at their regular meeting. The resolutions were adopted unanimously and evoked considerable enthusiasm:

WHEREAS, The parliamentary agitation of the past sixteen years in Ireland has resulted disastrously to the true national spirit of our people in the creation of factional dissensions, and absolute failure in the attainment of the inadequate aims striven for, and

WHEREAS, A convention of Irishmen is about to be called by the most patriotic members of our race in this country, having for its object the uniting of our people in one determined effort for the amelioration of the wrongs of Ireland; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the members of Division No. 2, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of St. Louis county, hail with delight the proposed new movement, and pledge our moral and financial support to the platform to be adopted at said convention, so far as its first, last and only course shall be pledged to the absolute independence of Ireland by any and all means effective in the restoration of her plundered nationhood.

Committee on Resolutions: John W. Whalen, John Taaffe, Wm. J. Hanley.

By Any and All Means.

At a meeting of the Robert Emmet Literary Association of St. Louis, Mo., held at their rooms in the Emily building June 21, and called specially to discuss the New Movement, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We are of the opinion that the parliamentary agitation of the past sixteen years in Ireland has demoralized Irish national sentiment; that it has almost extirely rooted out, for the time being, from the hearts of our people their patriotic instincts by teaching the infamous doctrine that Ireland is simply a British province; and

WHEREAS, The open and undeniable policy of the English government, as well as every utterance of the Irish parliamentary parties for the past decade shows the intent to make Ireland a mere British adjunct; and

WHEREAS, Such attitude of the so-called parliamentary leaders, on the question of our national life, forces on us the belief that at this time we are engaged in our struggle for liberty, not only against England, but also against the faction-breeding Irish parliamentary humbugs—traitors to the trust reposed in them—who do not hesitate to sacrifice on the altar of personal pride and self-agrandisement the sacred and undying cause for which Wolfe Tone, Emmet, Lord Edward, and thousands of other martyred heroes gave up their lives; therefore be it

Resolved, That we pledge to this new movement our moral and financial support, provided its policy be formed on lines looking to the complete independence of Ireland, by any and all means effective in the realization of that end, and provided it openly and fearlessly condemns all forms of parliamentary agitation for Ireland as a snare, and adopt summary means to rid our people of the ravages of the present gang of professional political leeches, who would drain the last drop of the nation's life blood in their insatiable thirst for personal advancement.

Committee on Resolutions: Con Molony, D. D. O'Gorman, M. D., Thomas Hennessy.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruighecht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

A h-aithle na laoidhe sin do chonnarcadar an fear mór d'á n-ionsuighe agus gidh gur gheárr uatha é is fada do bhi ag teacht, ar oleas a aistir agus a imtheachta. Agus do bheannaigh d'Fionn an trá thainic d'á láthair, agus do chrom a cheann agus d'fhill a ghlún agus thug comhartha umhla d'Fhionn. Tógbhas Fionn a lámh os a chionn agus thug cead aithisc agus uirghill dó, agus fiafruighios Fionn sceulá dhe, "cia acu d'fholaibh uaisle no anuaisle an domhain mhóir thú," ar Fionn. Adubhairt seisean nach raibh a fhios sin aige cia dhiobhsan é, acht aon nidh amháin gur bh-fómór é do bhi ag stádhal ar righibh cheartbhreathacha na Criostaighcachta ag iarraidh tuilimhe agus tuarastail i ngeall ar féin, agus go g-cuala nár eitigh Fionn duine ar thuarastal ariamh. "Ni dheárna, go deimhin," ar Fionn, "agus ni mó eiteochaidh sé thusa." "Creud do bheir gan giolla thu, a fhir mhóir?" ar Fionn. "Is maith an t-ádhbar," ar an fear mór, "oir ni bhfuil 'san domhan nidh is deacra liom ná giolla do bheith agam, óir is proinn trí chéad fear do bhiadh agus do thomaltus fhóghnas dam go ceann do ló, agus is beag liom sin dam féin agus is mór liom giolla i n-a thimchioll agam." "Maiseadh, creud é an t-ainm atá ort?" ar Fionn. "Atá orm an Giolla Deacair," ar sé. "Creud fá'r tugadh an Giolla Deacair ort?" ar Fionn. "Is maith an t-ádhbhar," ar an fear mór, "óir ni bh-fuil 'san domhan nidh is deacra liom toná aon nidh do leas mo thighearna no aonduine ag a m-bidhim do dhéanamh." "A Chonáin mhic Mórna," ar an fear mór," "cia is mó tuarastal marcaigh 'san bh-Féinn 'ná tuarastal coisidhe? "Is mó tuarastal marcaigh," ar Conán, "óir atá dá oiread leis an g-coisidh ag an marcach." "Cuirim a fhiadhnaise ortsa, a Chonáin, gurab marcach mé agus go bh-fuil each agam agus fós gurab ar marcaigheacht do bhios ag teacht i g-cionn na Féinne. A Fhinn mhic Cúmh all," ar an fear mór, léigfead féin mo each amach ar do chomairc-se agus ar chomairc na Féinne i bh-fochair eachradh na Féinne." "Léig," ar Fionn. Tarraingios an fear mór an t-aghastar athgharbh iarnaidhe do bhi le n-a each, agus do ghluais roimpe i n-a céimeannaibh treunluatha reatha nó go ráining eachradh na Féinne, agus do ghabh d'á leadradh agus d'á luathmharbhadh; agus do bhaineadh an t-ádil de ghreim as each, agus do bhaineadh a chluas de ghreim as each eile, agus do bhriseadh cos eich eile.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The popularity of "Little Robinson Crusoe" is undiminished, and the public continues to crowd the Schiller theatre. This brilliant burlesque, full of downright, genuine fun, lively music, picturesque costumes and magnificent scenery, and presented by a star cast and a large company of talented artists and pretty women, is the greatest theatrical success of many seasons. Not for years has there been such a pronounced hit, nor a burlesque performance received with the continuous laughter and applause which prevail nightly at the Schiller. Eddie Foy, always a great public favorite, proves in the enthusiasm the public extends to him in his present laughable and eccentric character, Dare-Devil Willie, how very large is the number of his admirers, and how widespread is the popular appreciation of that extraordinary talent for illustrating broad character comedy, which he knows so well how to use to the best stage effect. Foy is simply inimitable in his clever comedy and burlesque characterization, always original; full of surprises for his audiences, whom he keeps in incessant laughter and a refreshing and never failing fund of amusement in himself. Marie Dressler, too, the accomplished comedienne, who provokes the people to laugh till their sides ache, with the oddities and comicalities of her Ophelia Crusoe, the landlady of the Anti-Fat Hotel. Then there is pretty and graceful Adele Farrington, and sprightly, vivacious Saide MacDonald.

An appropriate and elegant souvenir of the performance is presented to the ladies who attend the Saturday matinees of "Little Robinson Crusoe." It is a fine cabinet photo, by Stein of this city, of one of the artists in the principal cast, taken in the picturesque costumes that have been speciall designed and created for "Crusoe."

Something Interetsng to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

The Siege of Vicksburg.

The summer season was inaugurated at the Coliseum Gardens, Sixty-third street and Stony Island avenue, Saturday night, June 29, by the production of Pain's brilliant and thrilling pyrotechnical spectacle, "The Storming of Vicksburg." This is the most elaborately staged production that Pain has ever put on in Chicago, or, in fact, in any other city of the United States. Six hundred people took part in the spectacle, besides two military bands and Barge's celebrated Pickaninny band of New Orleans. "Vicksburg," as produced by Pain, has been written of as a page of history, printed in lines of fire and heard in tones of thunder. Truly it is so. The spectacle has been arranged so as to be historically correct in every detail, and in the bombardment of the city by the fleet of gun and mortar boats on the Mississippi and the land forces under Grant, the spectators are given a vivid illustration of what warfare really is. Before this thrilling spectacle, however, a unique and interesting scene of Southern life on the plantation is given, in which 100 colored jubilee choristers participate, rendering ing the famous melodies of Dixie land. During this part of the performance many interesting specialties are introduced, among them being Connell, the famous high diver, known as the "shooting star," whose feat created a sensation. At the close of the bombardment Pain gave a display of fireworks, in which many novel and brilliant features were given. The spectacle is to be given every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night during July and August. The immense amphitheatre, which has been built for this production, seats 12,000 people, and may be reached by the Illinois Central, Alley L, Sixty-first and Sixty-third street electric lines, connecting with Cottage Grove avenue and State street cables, and also by a line of boats running from Lincoln Park and Van Buren street

THE PURGATORIANS.

Beneath those brightly peerless skies
Which Music's lamps illume—
Fed by the love of centuries
And beauty's magic bloom—
Countless souls inherit
The Heaven pure hopes assume,
But Freedom's fair and sacred spirit
Assaults the specious tomb.

Remote from where the spectral throng,
In frenzied bliss, doth move,
Her apparition speeds along
(Pyraphanous soul of love!)
Forever free, though cheerless, fevered—
With Grief's chains interwove—
Seeing, by love's soft lustres, severed,
Perdition built above.

Upon her hopes forevermore,
As oil on fire's fierce sea,
The dews of dawning sorrow pour—
Salt myrrh of misery—
Dripping, as Madness drips on Death
A balm whose tonic glee
Weaves with the lightnings of his breath
Full termed eternity.

Sweet seraph, unto her alone
Yon realms forlorn appear;
Fixed love allures with ceaseless moan
Her wistful visage here.
Fore'er through joy's elysian zone
With sorrow doth she move,
Winning with virtue Eden's throne,
But Tophet with her love.

JOHN DWYER.

New York City.

Think of This. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. It cures disease when all others fail, because it makes pure blood.

Hood's Pills cure jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and all liver ills.

LITERARY.

Ever since the disappearance of the colony sent out under Gov. White in 1587, by Sir Walter Raleigh, efforts to trace them have been unavailing. Recently it has been demonstrated that they were carried westward among the mountain fastnesses of the Blue Ridge, and amalgamated with the Indians. An article in the July number of the *Mid-Continent Magazine* gives a most entertaining description of this singular people, known as Croatans. Illustrations taken from life add value to what is both new and interesting on this subject.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Adriatic arrived at New York June 29 at 8 a.m.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown June 26 at 4 a.m.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Adriatic, sailing from New York July 3: Rev. A. K. Parker, Rev. W. A. Waldo, Miss Eleanor G. Lyons, Chicago; Peter Regan, Denver, Colo.; H. H. Tyler, Guthrie, O.T.; William Taylor, Jacksonville, Ill.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.
John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.
MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,
Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

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Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,
ARCHITECT.
Masonic Temple.
Suites 1410-28. Chicago, Ill.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARY A. RYAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary A. Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1895, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 21, 1895.

MICHAEL J. DOHERTY, Administrator.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ANNIE MURRY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Annie Murry, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1895, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 21, 1895.

JAMES O'LEARY, Executor.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star,"

as Emerson said,—that is, don't be content with any bicycle except the best one made—the COLUMBIA. Matchless as these famous bicycles have been in past years, you will rub your eyes when you see the quality and beauty of the 1895 models—$100.

POPE MFG. CO.
General Offices and Factories, HARTFORD.
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You need the Columbia Catalogue, a work of art that shows every detail of peerless Columbias and superb Hartfords. The book is free if you call at a Columbia agency; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. June Term, A. D. 1895. The American Valley Company vs. W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company. Attachment. No. 162,025.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County, dated the 5th day of November A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, for the sum of Eighteen Hundred Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, shall personally be and appear before the said Superior Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the first Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached, as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. June Term, A. D. 1895. The American Valley Company vs. W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company. Attachment. No. 162,148.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County, dated the 12th day of November A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, for the sum of Nine Thousand Four Hundred Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, shall personally be and appear before the said Superior Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the first Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached, as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the July Term, A. D. 1895. William Kirby vs. Ella Kenney and T. A. Kenney, sometimes known as Thos. A. Kenney. Attachment, No. 126,974.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said T. A. Kenney, sometimes known as Thos. A. Kenney, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Cook County, dated the 23rd day of February A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendants, T. A. Kenney and Ella Kenney, for the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, T. A. Kenney, sometimes known as Thos. A. Kenney, shall personally be and appear before the said Circuit Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the third Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff, and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

NATURE'S INSTRUMENT.

The brook which gurgles on its way
And whirls beneath the old brush fence
Makes music in my ear today;
'Tis one of nature's instruments.

I seem to hear it dash along,
Impatient at the hind'ring stones,
Yet leaping gayly in its song
Of mingled joy and monotones.

E'en when a boy if e'er I had
A softened sense of worldly pain
The cadence of that brook song glad
Restored my happy self again.

And now above the irksome round
To which this noisy world gives vent
I hear a sweet, relieving sound,
The strain of nature's instrument.
—Joe Cone in Boston Traveller.

WHEN WOMAN IS NOT GRACEFUL.

Conditions Under Which She Manages to Look Absurd.

Why is it that, notwithstanding the worship accorded to woman in the abstract, she generally manages to look absurd under conditions wherein men try to keep their dignity? Is it stereotyped convention which hampers our judgments, or are these things really facts? For instance, there is nothing remarkable in an old gentleman crossing a street or even walking in a gale of wind, but place an elderly woman, somewhat portly, in the same situation, and the result is a caricature. Her petticoats outline her shape absurdly, a vast expanse of stocking fills a doubtful gap, and her feet seem to straggle helplessly.

Few women can enter a carriage, mount the steps of a coach or hurry into a hansom gracefully, while the spectacle of a woman getting into a boat is far from pleasing. A stout lady on a bicycle gives fair cause for ridicule, and yet fat people dance far more lightly and buoyantly than thin people. The slimmest girl cannot run prettily, and as for football, we have seen the results.

But, to leave the sphere of athletics, a dowager in a low dress is far from pleasing, while the multiplicity of objects carried by a woman when out shopping seems to hamper and render her movements awkward. She has none of the convenient pockets affected by men, she is always seeking for her pocket handkerchief or struggling to extract her purse from the black folds of her gown, or burdened with an umbrella, a parcel, a satchel or with her dress itself. On a journey she is hot and flustered and in a hurry and cumbered with many cares, while a man drops easily into his seat, unfolds his paper and smokes or thinks, impervious to fate. A woman is only really graceful when she is at rest, lolling in a carriage or sitting in a drawing room or else dancing, when she has the genius for it. —London Graphic.

The Tourainers.

The Tourainers themselves are comforting to behold—a stalwart, brown faced people, with contentment deep set in them. The women in their blue cotton gowns, white mutches and unwieldy wooden shoes, are picturesque enough for anything, if their dark, sloelike eyes and ready smiles be also taken into account. One sees fair faces among the younger girls—Madonnalike faces. It were easy to fancy that Agnes Sorel, "the fairest of the fair," resembled the best of them when she, too, was young and had not yet caught the eye of a king. As for the men, they are what one would expect them to be in such a natural garden—a hardworking class, prone to rejoice in all the festive leisure they can obtain.

They love their native province passionately; it is difficult to realize what they must have felt when, a quarter of a century ago, the Prussian soldiers trod their fields and vineyards under foot and burned their homesteads. "I do not believe," said one of them to me the other day, "there can be any other country in the world better to live in than Touraine. We have so much sun even in winter. The climate is so mild and all things grow in it."—All the Year Round.

Got Their Money's Worth.

American naval officers who were in China during the late war tell of a day they spent ashore looking for sport. For a few yen, amounting to about 4 cents, they secured the services of two Chinese to fight for their entertainment. The first fight went on bravely, and as fights go in China, not being up to the American hippodrome style, one of the Chinese was whipped. But he was angry. As he moved away from the scene of combat he found a stone, and, turning upon his late antagonist, struck him a blow that killed him. The murderer was speedily beheaded, but the authorities decided that it was no concern of the American officers if a murder resulted from their plan of amusement. One of the younger officers remarked: "We not only got a fight, but a killing and an execution, all for 4 cents. You couldn't beat those rates."

Sentenced to Siberia.

A nobleman once entered into a conspiracy against the Russian emperor and was sentenced to Siberia. His eyes were bandaged, and he was put into a dark carriage, and for seven days and nights they traveled on and on, only stopping to take food. At last he felt they must have reached Siberia, and in the utmost anguish he perceived that the carriage had stopped, and the bandage was taken off his eyes, and—he was in his own home! He had been driven round and round St. Petersburg the whole time, but the fright cured him.—Young Ladies' Journal.

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression.—Gay.

The Kentucky river had its name from an Indian expression, Kain-tuk-ee, "at the head of the river."

A man's wisdom is his best friend; folly his worst enemy.

A MAN OF RESOURCES.

This Dentist Was Willing to Accommodate His Patron.

The dentist didn't want to talk shop, he said, but he thought the story worth telling, so he told it. "Not long ago," he said, "a western railroad president came to New York, and one evening was invited to dine with some of his friends here. The dinner was a particularly jolly affair, and when the western man reached his hotel he was in a merry mood. It was his custom to place his set of false teeth under the pillow every night just before going to bed, and he was certain he had done so on this particular evening. Nevertheless in the morning he was unable to find them. Searching high and low in the room was of no avail, and finally he came to me for a new set.

"'How long will it take you to make them?' he asked. I told him four or five days. 'Can't listen to anything like that,' he replied. 'I'll give you triple money to make them in 24 hours.' You see people from Chicago think that money laughs at everything, even time.

"All my arguing with the old fellow did no good, so I set to work on his teeth. In the meantime, however, I told my assistant to hasten around to the old man's hotel and make a scientific search of his room. The westerner insisted that he had drunk no more wine than usual at the dinner, but I was satisfied that he was deceiving himself. I had not been long at the preliminary measurements when my assistant called me out and handed me the teeth. He had found them in the pillowcase, where the owner had put them instead of under the pillow.

"I returned the teeth and the railroad man was so overjoyed that he did not cancel the order, but told me to go ahead with the teeth. They might come in handy some time, he said. He even unbent so far as to admit that perhaps, after all, he had drunk a glass of wine too much the night before, and when I sent him my bill I received a check for double the amount from him."—New York Tribune.

THE BARBER'S REVENGE.

A Tale of a Talkative Tonsorial Artist and His Gruff Customer.

As he threw himself back into the embrace of the cushioned chair of a Union square barber shop he scowled fiercely at the barber and buried his face in the newspaper. But the barber didn't mind the ugly opening. He leaned over, garroted the tonsorial patient with a towel and painted his face with lather. When he had flipflapped a razor once or twice along the strop he began mildly:

"Nice day, sir."

"Oh, is it?" answered the other.

The barber looked startled, but he tried again.

"Paper says we're going to have nice weather now."

"Thanks," was the answer, "I know how to read myself."

At this rebuff the barber kept silence. But he shaved against the grain, tweaked the other's nose and daubed soap into the corner of his mouth. The gruff man swore softly, the barber smiled, and as a final act of violence grabbed the other by the top of the scalp and twisted his head until the cervical vertebræ creaked again.

"Say," cried the gruff man, "my head ain't no roulette wheel."

But still the barber shaved on in silence. He shaved and shaved, scraping the skin so close that it showed ragged under the blade. Then, leaning over, he grabbed a handful of raw and tender skin and rolled it between his fingers until the other groaned aloud. As the tear drops stole down the scarified face the barber administered the final taunt:

"Do you shave yourself, sir?"

"No," roared the gruff man, leaping up in the chair, "I shave my grandmother and sister's nieces."

Then he buried his face in the paper and the barber smiled and smiled and smiled, while he rubbed alum into the sore spots on the victim's chin.—New York World.

Water Wheels.

The point is made by a writer in one of the mechanical journals that the greatest obstacle now encountered in the successful operation of water wheels is, from an economical aspect, the too often entire absence of engineering skill in utilizing the power, and that many a water power would develop greater efficiency were it properly controlled and had the turbine been selected because of its adaptability to the conditions and been properly set. On their introduction, he remarks, turbines were used singly, but now they are used either singly or in sets of two or three or more, as expedient, and in batteries of sets; by the use, too, of iron or steel penstocks and feed pipes the expense of installing has been largely reduced and far greater economy in the use of water secured; the growing demand for large units of power has also been satisfied, so that whereas a few years back a 500 horsepower turbine was almost unheard of, turbines of 5,000 horsepower are now employed.

School Methods Abroad.

As a rule natural history and geography are more delightfully taught in Prussia than here. We gladly use its maps, colored pictures and natural collections. School hygiene in Switzerland is enforced in wonderful ways. Skating vacations on well prepared icefields are prescribed, and there are vacation colonies and "milk cures" for the sickly. From Vienna comes the demand for more playgrounds under the care of experienced teachers maintained by the city and regularly attended.—Last Report of United States Commissioner of Education W. Harris.

Wanted to Know Too Much.

Broncho Bill—Whatcher shoot de tenderfoot fer?

Firewater Jake—W'y, de kid hed nerve ter ax me where I got five aces!—Syracuse Post.

PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

General Ryan's Conundrum Didn't Bother the Irishman For a Moment.

One of General Ryan's peculiarities is that he never tells the same story to the same man a second time. Not long ago he was talking about his travels in the United Kingdom. "I had always thought," said he, "that the famous Irish wit and repartee were only to be found on the stage or in Lever's novels, but I came away from Ireland with a very different idea.

"I was stopping at a little country inn, and a game of cards was in progress. I was invited to take a hand, and as an Americanized Irishman I thought I ought to keep up the reputation of the country for sociability. I asked what they were playing, and they replied 'Forty-five,' an old time Irish game. I told them that I barely knew the rules, but that I could play seven up, euchre or nearly any other American card game. But they insisted on my taking a hand, and I did so. One of the pages, who was standing at the back of my chair, watched my hand pretty closely, and the first time I made a bad play he said, sotto voce: 'Holy Moses, I niver see such a play in me loife. I wonder phwere the divil the mon cum from.' I paid no attention to him, of course, and went on with the game. The next time I made a bad play, and it wasn't very long, he again said, talking to himself, 'Bedad, niver did I see a mon play the loikes of that.' I began to be annoyed, but still I said nothing, although a man never likes to hear it said that he plays a game badly, but the man was talking to himself and meant no harm. However, when he broke out the third time I could contain myself no longer. I turned around and said, "Look here, my friend, are you playing these cards, or am I?' The Irishman looked at me for a moment, and then said, 'Nayther uv us, your honor, savin your prisince, sor.'

"I joined the rest of them in the laugh, and said, 'Well, boys, order up; that puts 'em on me.'"—Cincinnati Tribune.

HE KNEW JERSEY EGGS.

The Wise Printer Could Tell by Their Size and Shape.

Two printers lunched at a Park row restaurant the other day. One ordered "beef and" and the other two boiled eggs. When the eggs were placed before the one who ordered them, he said to his companion, "Why, those are Jersey eggs."

"How do you know they are Jersey eggs? They might have been laid in Pennsylvania or Kentucky for all you know."

"Well, I guess not. Those eggs came from Jersey, and I know it."

To prove it the proprietor was called into the discussion, and when asked he said the eggs were Jersey eggs.

Then the egg eater explained: "Over in Jersey the farmers, or some of them at least, use a board with holes, large and small, bored in it. All eggs that will go through the small holes are sent to market, and those which will only go through the large holes are reserved for home consumption."

Another printer devised a scheme for procuring good butter at his boarding house table. The landlady had two tables for her guests ranged one each side of a large room. At one the women boarders and married couples sat, while at the other table the bachelors were placed. At the women's table there was always good butter, but at the other the butter was emphatically inferior. A printer boarder suffered long and patiently, but at last he rebelled. He went to the dining room just before dinner one evening and changed the butter from one table to the other. A howl from the women's table shortly after had the desired effect.

The butter was of equally good quality at both tables thereafter.—New York Journal.

Ingalls on His Defeat.

Ex-Senator Ingalls, speaking of his defeat at Topeka in 1890 when he was a candidate for re-election, said: "When the returns came in and I saw how overwhelming my defeat was and what it meant to me—the end of 18 years' service in the American senate, possibly the end of my public life—I confess that agony was in my soul. It was a beautiful day. Everybody was watching me to see how I was going to take it—all my family. It was a tragic hour. I went over to my pasture and walked through the withered wood. There in a little grassy glade, sheltered from the autumnal breeze, the sun shining coldly down, I opened the windows of my spirit and let that whole thing in on me, and commanded my fortitude. I sat there in that little dell until the struggle was over, until I was master of myself."

Sunday Recreation.

Mrs. Ednah Cheney remarks: "It has always been my test for spending Sunday to see how one gets up on Monday morning. If on that morning work seems sweet and you are ready to do it heartily and happily, then you have spent your Sunday to some purpose. I don't care whether it is in church or out, in the fields or in your quiet home with a book in your hand, or playing and frolicking with the children. But however you have spent Sunday the test of it is that the dawn of Monday seems blessed and good and hopeful."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Similar.

Cynicus—My wife would like you to send around a quart of pauperized milk.

Milk Dealer—I guess you mean pasteurized milk.

Cynicus—Very well, but I presume there isn't much difference.

At either pole the intensity of the solar heat is one-fourth greater than at the equator, because at the pole the sun shines during the whole 24 hours.

There are over 25 foreigners to the square mile in the state of New York.

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

NOVELIST HOWELLS DESCRIBES HIS TRIBULATIONS.

A Maimed Beggar, a Solitary Half Dollar and the Contest Between Two Consciences Unsettled—A Usually Calm Mind, but a Compromise Was Arranged.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written for The Century two papers entitled "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," giving his experiences with the begging fraternity. The following is taken from the first paper:

Some months ago, as I was passing through a down town street on my way to the elevated station, I saw a man sitting on the steps of a house. He seemed to be resting his elbows on his knees and holding out both his hands. As I came nearer I perceived that he had no hands, but only stumps, where the fingers had been cut off close to the palms, and that it was these stumps he was holding out in the mute appeal which was his form of begging. Otherwise he did not ask charity. When I approached him he did not look up, and when I stopped in front of him he did not speak. I thought this rather fine in its way; except for his mutilation, which the man really could not help, there was nothing to offend the taste, and his immobile silence was certainly impressive.

I decided at once to give him something, for when I am in the presence of want or even the appearance of want, there is something that says to me, "Give to him that asketh," and I have to give or else go away with a bad conscience—a thing I hate. Of course I do not give much, for I wish to be a good citizen as well as a good Christian, and as soon as I obey that voice which I cannot disobey I hear another voice reproaching me for encouraging street beggary. I have been taught that street beggary is wrong, and when I have to unbutton two coats and go through three or four pockets before I can reach the small coin I mean to give in compliance with that imperative voice, I certainly feel it to be wrong. So I compromise, and I am never able to make sure that either of those voices is satisfied with me. I am not even satisfied with myself, but I am better satisfied than if I gave nothing. That was the selfish reason I now had for deciding to yield to my better nature and to obey the voice which bade me "Give to him that asketh," for, as I said, I hate a bad conscience, and of two bad consciences I always choose the least, which, in a case like this, is the one that incensed political economy gives me.

I put my hand into my hip pocket, where I keep my silver, and found nothing there but half a dollar. This at once changed the whole current of my feelings, and it was not chill penury that repressed my noble rage, but chill affluence. It was manifestly wrong to give half a dollar to a man who had no hands or to any sort of beggar. I was willing to commit a small act of incivism, but I had not the courage to flout political economy to the extent of 50 cents, and I felt that when I was bidden "Give to him that asketh" I was never meant to give so much as a half dollar, but a cent, or a half dime, or at the most a quarter. I wished I had a quarter. I would gladly have given a quarter, but there was nothing in my pocket but that fatal, that inexorably indivisible half dollar, the continent of two quarters, but not practically a quarter. I would have asked anybody in sight to change it for me, but there was no one passing; it was a quiet street of brownstone dwellings, and not a thronged thoroughfare at any time. At that hour of the late afternoon it was deserted, except for the beggar and myself, and I am not sure that he had any business to be sitting there on the steps of another man's house, or that I had the right to encourage his invasion by giving him anything. For a moment I did not know quite what to do. To be sure, I was not bound to the man in any way. He had not asked me for charity, and I had barely paused before him. I could go on and ignore the incident. I thought of doing this, but then I thought of the bad conscience I should be certain to have, and I could not go on. I glanced across the street, and near the corner I saw a decent looking restaurant, and "Wait a minute," I said to the man, as if he were likely to go away, and I ran across to get my half dollar changed at the restaurant.

I was now quite resolved to give him a quarter, and be done with it; the thing was getting to be a bore. But when I entered the restaurant I saw no one there but a young man quite at the end of a long room, and when he had come all the way forward to find what I wanted I was ashamed to ask him to change my half dollar, and I pretended that I wanted a package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes, which I did not want, and which it was a pure waste for me to buy, since I do not smoke, though doubtless it was better to buy them and encourage commerce than to give the half dollar and encourage beggary. At any rate, I instinctively felt that I had political economy on my side in the transaction, and I made haste to go back to the man on the steps and secure myself with Christian charity too. On the way over to him, however, I decided that I would not give him a quarter, and I ended by poising 15 cents on one of his outstretched stumps.

In the Right Place.

Rubberneck Bill stood looking down at the inanimate form of his thirty-seventh.

"Fer a greaser," said Bill, "he put up a purty game fight."

"That's what," assented Soapless Jones. "Pity he had to go. Fer, if he was a greaser, his heart came mighty near being in the right place."

"It is lucky fer me that it wuz. S'posen when I plugged him thar it had been on the other side."—Cincinnati Tribune.

BACTERIA AND COLORS.

Blue Rays Kill Germs, but Red Does Not Much Affect Them.

Although investigation has not been idle, experimenters have not been wholly agreed as to the exact property or field of the sun's rays which is most efficient in action on bacteria and fungi.

The inquiry has been continued by Professor H. Marshall Ward, to whom the thought occurred in the course of his work that the most direct answer to the question, Which rays are the most effective ones? might be best obtained by shining the solar spectrum directly upon the film of spores, and making it record the effects by their subsequent behavior, according as the different groups of rays fell upon them—in other words, by obtaining a photograph of the spectrum in living and dead bacteria.

The results showed conclusively that the rays that kill the bacteria are the blue and violet ones. An observation was made during the investigation which may go far to account for the unsatisfactory character of the determinations of former experiments.

The chief difficulty to be overcome was the great weakening of the intensity of the dispersed rays of the beam of light decomposed to form the spectrum, a weakening caused by the distribution of the incidence of the rays over a larger area and by their absorption and reflection in passing through the lenses and prisms.

It was found also, in working with the electric light, that the power of the blue and violet rays was further impaired—in other words, that they were stopped—by the material (glass) through which they had to pass.

The effect of the glass was practically the same as that of mist or haze in the atmosphere, which so filters out the blue violet rays that the light of a dull day was of little effect in the author's experiments.

These difficulties were overcome by using quartz instead of glass, with which it was possible to obtain a very pure spectrum sufficiently rich in blue and violet rays to kill the spores in a few hours. The author found it easy to obtain satisfactory results in the summer with solar rays, even with glass lenses, mirrors, etc., and exposures of five or six hours, but in winter the exposures required to be so long as to be almost impracticable.—Popular Science Monthly.

The French Expedition to Egypt.

The most novel spectacle of all was a carefully organized and equipped expedition of 100 or more scholars, who, according to what was then the fashion, were destined to gather the treasures of the pharaohs and of the Ptolemies for the collection of Paris. Their apparatus for discovery was the best obtainable, their learning was at least respectable and their library was a mixture of the ancient classics with those of the modern romanticism, of mediæval lore with modern atheism. Homer and Virgil jostled Ossian and Tasso, while Rousseau's "Heloise" stood neighbor to Goethe's "Werther." Among other "political" works were Montesquieu, the Vedas, the Koran and the Bible. Caroline Bonaparte gave her brother as a farewell gift a little pocket library, among the volumes of which were Bacon's "Essays," Mme. de Stael's "Influence of the Passions" and Mercier's "Philosophic Visions." The curious have examined these volumes and found in their well worn pages a few passages specially marked. In his hours of solitude the great solitary read in Bacon how he who dominates others loses his own liberty; in Mme. de Stael how hard it is to keep the acquisitions of ambition; in Mercier of an oriental visionary who, after the glories of temporary success, ended his days in exile and forgetfulness.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Rather Mean.

"Speaking of dinners," said Hawkins, "reminds me of something I overheard in these very rooms not two nights ago. I always knew Smooks was of a saving nature, but I never believed that the fellow was downright mean."

"How's that?" asked Bluffkins indifferently.

"Well, it was like this. Tuesday night Snooks came in and began talking with Webb. 'I hear you're going away on Saturday,' said Snooks.

"'Yes,' answered Webb. 'For three months.'

"'And what are you doing tomorrow night?'

"'Wednesday,' said Webb. 'I have no engagement for Wednesday.'

"'And the next night?'

"'That's Thursday. 'I dine with the Blakes on that day.'

"'Dear, dear! That's a pity," said Snooks, with a good bluff at disappointment. 'I wanted you to take dinner with us on Thursday.'"—Boston Budget.

Directions For Sterilizing Milk.

Provide six or eight half pint bottles, according to the number of times the child is fed during the 24 hours. Put the proper amount of food for one feeding in each bottle and use a tuft of cotton batting as a stopper. Have a saucepan that the bottles can stand in conveniently. Invert a perforated tin pie plate in the bottom and put in enough water to come above the milk in the bottles. Stand the bottles on it; when the water boils draw the saucepan to a cooler part of the stove, where the water will remain near the boiling point but not actually boiling. Cover the saucepan and let the bottles remain in it one hour. Put them in the icebox or a cool place in winter.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Appearances.

"My dear baron, what are you doing? Smoking two cigars at one and the same time?"

"Well, you see, my dear fellow, in this beastly hole you can't get any sixpenny cigars such as I am in the habit of smoking, and so I have to make shift with a couple of threepenny ones."—Deutsche Warte.

THE NEBULAR THEORY.

How, According to It, the Sun and the Planets Were Formed.

The finite mind can hardly conceive of a time when there was neither sun nor planets, yet both the Bible and science teach us that such a state of affairs once actually existed. We have all read the Biblical account of creation, and not a few of us have spent valuable time reading learned essays on the condition of things in the time of "the beginning." It is not the object of this "note" to discuss the origin of the sun and the planets from a Biblical standpoint, nor do we mean to give a resume of scientific opinions on the subject. On the contrary, we shall confine our remarks to what is known as the "nebular hypothesis," or nebular theory of the origin of worlds and suns.

According to the opinion of the most learned astronomers, the "beginning" is ushered in with the existence throughout all space of an undefinable matter of substance called "nebula." This nebula was of such wonderful thinness that it is believed that millions of miles of it could have easily been compressed into a common thimble. The heavier portions gradually gathered around common centers after the lapse of ages and formed planets, suns and stars, the light and heat of the two latter being due to the clashing of their component atoms as they gravitate continually toward the center of the mass.

The nebula origin of the sun and incidentally of the planets also is thus finely set forth in a recent article by a well known British writer: The matter, or rather the gas which composes our sun, was once spread out to the farthest orbit of the outermost planets of our system—that is, to the planet Neptune. From the orbit of Neptune this inconceivably thin mass began to converge, growing denser and denser and smaller and smaller as it gradually approached its existing dimensions. As it condensed, revolving upon its axis, the solar mist left behind it at intervals portions of cloudlike matter cast off from its equator.

These masses of gas, undergoing a similar evolution to that of the sun, or central mass, have, with great slowness, hardened into what is now Jupiter, Saturn, the earth and the other planets. Meanwhile the main central mass, always retreating, eventually formed the sun itself, the present chief luminary of our system of worlds.—St. Louis Republic.

On Catching Cold In Bed.

Mark Twain once wrote a paper pointing out the appalling danger of going to bed as exemplified in bills of mortality. For one person who died out of his bed several hundred succumbed in bed, and now we have Mr. Ashby-Sterry drawing attention to the same thing. Hitherto he has hymned in graceful verse pantalets, frills and the tempestuous petticoat, and now, quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore, he lauds the pyjama. In a recent number of The Graphic he says:

"I have a theory that most people catch cold at night after they are in bed, and it is to this fact that I attribute a great deal of the violent colds, the bronchial catarrhs and influenza which have recently been so prevalent. The temperature goes down suddenly in the night, and people catch cold when they are asleep without knowing it. This evil is to be counteracted, not by piling on a lot of heavy blankets, but by wearing thick, close fitting garments of a pyjamalike nature and warm socks on the feet. If this system were adopted, I am quite certain that it would be found beneficial."

There is common sense in this. People unquestionably may catch cold in bed, especially if there are at all restless and so kick the bedclothes off. In that event if only clad in a thin cotton nightshirt they are sure to catch cold, whereas if clad in pyjamas, not necessarily thick, but made of some woolen material, the chance of a chill is much lessened.—London Lancet.

Steam Attachment to Telephone.

Manager Fowler of the Telephone exchange, Ashland, Ky., has devised an ingenious attachment for telephones, to be used in factories and shops where the amount of noise makes it almost impossible to hear the call bell of the instrument. It consists of a steam whistle, which is turned on by means of a lever operated by magnetism. When the instrument is called from the exchange the bell rings as usual, and, by the electrical current passing through a magnet, a weight is released which pulls the lever to the whistle. Once started, the whistle keeps up its shrill note until some one answers the call and turns off the steam, which is done by simply replacing the weight. One of these attachments is being placed at the local steel plant, another at the tannery and several more will probably be installed in sawmills and similar establishments.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

An Odd Wager.

A queer wager is the one popularly believed to have been won by Sir Walter Raleigh from Queen Elizabeth, on the debatable question of how much smoke is contained in a pound of tobacco. A pound of the article was weighed, burned and then weighed in ashes, and the question was held to be satisfactorily settled by determining the weight of the smoke as exactly that of the tobacco before being burned, minus the ashes. The fact of the ashes having received an additional weight by combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere, was unthought of by Elizabeth and the knight.

Repudiated.

"Go!"

The form of the young and beautiful girl was drawn up to its full height, and quivering with rage she pointed to the door. "You told me it would be"—

With a commanding gesture she handed him back the ring he had just tendered her.

—"at least three carats."—Detroit Free Press.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

It Was Built by Oliver Evans, Who Couldn't Lay Up Money.

The real inventor of the locomotive never realized a cent from his invention.

His name was Oliver Evans. He was born in Delaware in 1756 and spent all his life perfecting inventions which were destined to bring him nothing but more poverty. He was the original inventor of the high pressure engine used in locomotives, the only kind that could be employed to advantage in this form of transportation, but realized nothing for his idea.

His application of the notion to both land and water power was somewhat novel.

In 1804 the municipality of Philadelphia called for bids for the dredging of the river and the cleaning of the docks. Evans put in a bid lower than any of his competitors, and when it was accepted determined to build a steamboat to do the work.

He fitted out a scow with a steam engine, building both the engine and the scow in his own workshop.

When the boat was ready to be launched, Evans determined to give the people of Philadelphia an object lesson in mechanics, so he put the boat on wheels, fitted up a push wheel behind, set his engine to work and propelled the boat through the streets to the river in the midst of an open mouthed throng, not a few of whom had a dim idea that he ought to be arrested for witchcraft.

When the boat reached the bank of the river, the wheels and axles were taken off, the craft was launched, fitted out with other wheels and made to do the work of dredging the harbor.

So far as the invention of mechanical devices went, Evans had a splendid genius, but when dollars and cents came up for consideration he was a mere child, and even allowed himself to be cheated out of the money that was due him for cleaning the Philadelphia harbor with his new fangled steamboat.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

AMENDED HER LIST.

She Now Declares That Lawyers Come Under the Head of Nuisances.

A few evenings ago a lawyer living in West Philadelphia was visited at his residence by an indignant woman, who declared that she had come for legal advice, and in a businesslike manner deposited on his table a $5 note as a retaining fee. After pocketing the money the man of law politely requested her to proceed with her statement. She said she was continually afflicted with a series of nuisances which she desired the lawyer to have abolished.

She was annoyed by a neighbor on one side, she said, who is a music teacher and trainer of the voice. The constant thumping on the piano and the discordant notes of the vocal students made her very nervous. On the other side the neighbor kept chickens, which awoke her early in the morning by their crowing and annoyed her during the day by flying over the fence and invading her premises. Day and night she was made nervous by the noise of the trolley cars passing her door, organ grinders and peddlers made her life miserable, hucksters added to her misery by calling their wares, and she wanted to know what action she must take in order to be made free of such nuisances.

The lawyer reflected a few moments with compressed brow, and then said, "Madam, you are decidedly unfortunate, and my advice to you is that you go to a real estate agent and engage him to secure for you a nice comfortable dwelling in the suburbs of some country village, where the nearest neighbor is a quarter of a mile away, organ grinders unknown, trolley cars unheard of, and where hucksters and peddlers do not come." Realizing that she was $5 out, the woman replied, "I'll do as you say and include among the others that no lawyers must exist in the same county."—Philadelphia Record.

Profit In Soda Fountains.

A New Orleans man named May told me that his yearly profits from his soda fountain were $30,000. One Sanders, a Detroiter, who owns an $8,000 fountain, the finest displayed at the World's fair, does a rushing business, and his sales run from $300 to $700 per day the year round. In Buffalo Stoddard Bros. employ 30 girls to handle ice cream soda, and it takes 3,000 glasses to accommodate their trade. They sell it at 5 cents a glass, and there is a net profit of just 100 per cent. In Boston Thompson's Spa, the greatest soda resort at the Hub, easily clears for its owner $50,000 a year. There are in the United States 100,000 fountains in operation, and manufacturers are getting more orders now than they ever got before.—Washington Post.

Begonias For Garden Decoration.

It is now getting to be well understood that many plants that it was thought could only be grown under glass do remarkably well in our climate under summer shade. The begonia is especially suited to this summer work. The writer came across a little piece of rockwork constructed under the shade of some large trees, in which the whole mass of rocks was completely covered with species of begonia. Every night, or nearly every night, water was showered on them through a hose from a hydrant. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this mass.—Meehan's Monthly.

The Mean Thing.

Maude—Do you know Mr. Jinks fainted last night at the dance and would have fallen if I hadn't caught him in my arms?

Ethel (slightly jealous)—Yes; he told me that he'd been suffering from the effects of the grip.—Scribner's.

I must have known life otherwise in epochs long since fled, for in my veins some orient blood is red, and through my thought are lotus blossoms blown.—T. B. Aldrich.

The Sahara is so named from the Arabic word signifying "desert."

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

How the Painting Was Rescued From an Ignominious Fate.

Probably Chicago's first painting with a history was an excellent portrait of one of her fairest citizens—a belle of 1837. Fine work as it was, however, at one time there was imminent danger of its becoming a decorative signboard of a prominent local livery stable.

Long before the days of the iron horse a wandering artist strayed along what is now the corner of Lake and Clark streets, and there opened a studio. Among the early patrons of his brush was a dazzling creature who yearned to have her beauty perpetuated upon canvas. She was a leader in the swelldom of the town, the adored object of both secret and outspoken admiration of all the bachelors of her set. Her family had not come over in the Mayflower, but her blood was the most cerulean in the faraway down east whence it came. Hence it was with propriety that she proposed to gratify her ambition, and posed, bedecked with a wonderful "amazone" and waving numberless plumes, disporting herself with equanimity on the back of a rearing, plunging steed.

The artist had a fine subject. Needless to say he rendered it full justice. When the canvas was finished, the impressive ensemble was placed upon exhibition in the artist's studio, and everybody who was anybody dropped in and lavished his admiration upon it. After a time the novelty of the display wore off. People had seen all they wanted of it, but the fair equestrienne's portrait still hung upon its creator's walls, unclaimed, and, alas, unpaid for. The landlord of the embryonic Sir Joshua Reynolds grew unpleasant to him. He became addicted to the abominable habit of "dropping in" upon the young artist and making unnecessary remarks about "the rent" at all kinds of inopportune moments, until at last life became a burden to the child of art, and in despair he decided to return to his native east and abandon all his dreams of fame in the wild prairie town of the west.

Among the inartistic and unpretentious citizens of the town was a certain highly prosperous stable keeper who was aware of the circumstances connected with the unpaid for picture and the painter's impecuniosity. The night preceding the former's proposed departure for the city of his birth it was given out among the good people roundabout that the stable keeper had purchased the famous portrait for $500, and that henceforth it should be the attraction of his signboard over his new livery stable. The rumor spread like wildfire within a few hours, and at nightfall artist and stableman had the satisfaction of receiving a visit from the haughty relatives of the picture's original. The required sum was gladly paid by them. Two hundred fell to the lot of the shrewd liveryman, the painter received his first price, $300, and every one was serene over the historic transaction.—Chicago Tribune.

SMALL BOY AND BIG VOICE.

They Create a Commotion on a Chicago "L" Train.

The boy and his voice were not mates. That was evident the moment the former attempted to use the latter. The one was not quite a "5 foot boy," while the other would easily pass as a "7 foot voice." They both got on an Alley L train at Congress street, and the boy undertook to say something about having 5 o'clock papers to sell, whereupon the windows rattled and the car began to rock. The old man who had jumped so high that his head nearly struck the roof looked at the boy reproachfully for a moment and then attempted to be humorous.

"A little louder, please," he said.

"Huh?" returned the boy inquiringly.

"Speak a little louder. Have you lost your voice?"

The other passengers laughed, and the boy seemed somewhat discomfited.

"Paper?" he asked, going close to the man.

"No," replied the man, gratified at the success of his little joke. "I was merely wondering why you didn't speak out instead of whispering."

The boy was close to the man's ear by this time, and he let out a cry of "Evening papers!" that fairly jarred the engineer.

He got to the door first, and the book that the old man threw after him merely raised a bump on the side of the conductor's head.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Chinese Court.

The ceremonial of the Chinese court is somewhat exacting. It used to include, if it does not now, completo prostration before the throne. Last century a Persian envoy refused to go through the degrading ordeal. Directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so. On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience, the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity the embassador turned round and entered backward, thus saving the honor of his country.—London Standard.

The Pleasing Part.

Fuddy—How did you like Hammerton in "Julius Cæsar" last night?

Duddy—Well, I can't say that he was altogether satisfactory in the earlier scenes, but it was a real pleasure to see him die.—Boston Transcript.

How charming is divine philosophy! Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but musical, as is Apollo's lute, and a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns.—Milton.

In 1870 the population of native extraction—that is, Americans or the children of Americans—was 26,000,000 and of foreign extraction 21,000,000.

The syllable "ia," as a termination to the name of a country, is of Celtic origin.

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Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st. 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

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Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1229, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., 10810 Calhoun av; F C Harmett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Hunk's hall, Cummings, Ill. 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

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Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, v-p; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwick, Treas. Meet at 3539 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 3250 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Wolcott st; R S, Edw W Nye, 1 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Fotsy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 28 W 18th st; R S Julius Eaton, 68 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m. in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Orchard.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 466 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Belmont st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3900 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

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St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 108 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 399 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1s. and 3d Wednesday in [illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.

OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2. GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.

OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.

OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.

OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal.

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